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HYMNS, ODES, & SONNETS.

BY THE LATE

REV. JAMES SIMMONS, M.A.,

OF OLNEY.

EDITED BY

J. E. RYLAND, M.A.

Hearken unto a verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Northampton:

J. TAYLOR & SON, 22 GOLD STREET.

London:

J. HEATON & SON, WARWICK LANE.

—
MDCCLXII.

(Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

280. C. 132.

NORTHAMPTON :
TAYLOR AND SON, PRINTERS AND BOOKSELLERS,
GOLD STREET.



Dedication.

TO THE BAPTIST CHURCH, OLNEY, BUCKS,

THIS SMALL VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR,

AS A MEMORIAL OF HIS MINISTRY AMONG THEM,

EXTENDED THROUGH A PERIOD OF THIRTY-TWO YEARS,

IN THE HOPE

THAT IT MAY AWAKEN IN THEIR BOSOMS A TRAIN OF

SENTIMENTS IN HARMONY WITH HIS

PAST MINISTRY.



Preface.

SOME readers may perhaps inquire why this is not a Volume of Sermons instead of Lyrics. The answer is, that when the call was made for some Memorial of the Author's ministry at Olney, the Lyrics were *ready*—not so the Sermons. The production of a number of elaborate discourses on theological topics would have been to the Author, in his present state of ill-health and debility, too formidable an undertaking.

March 30th, 1861.

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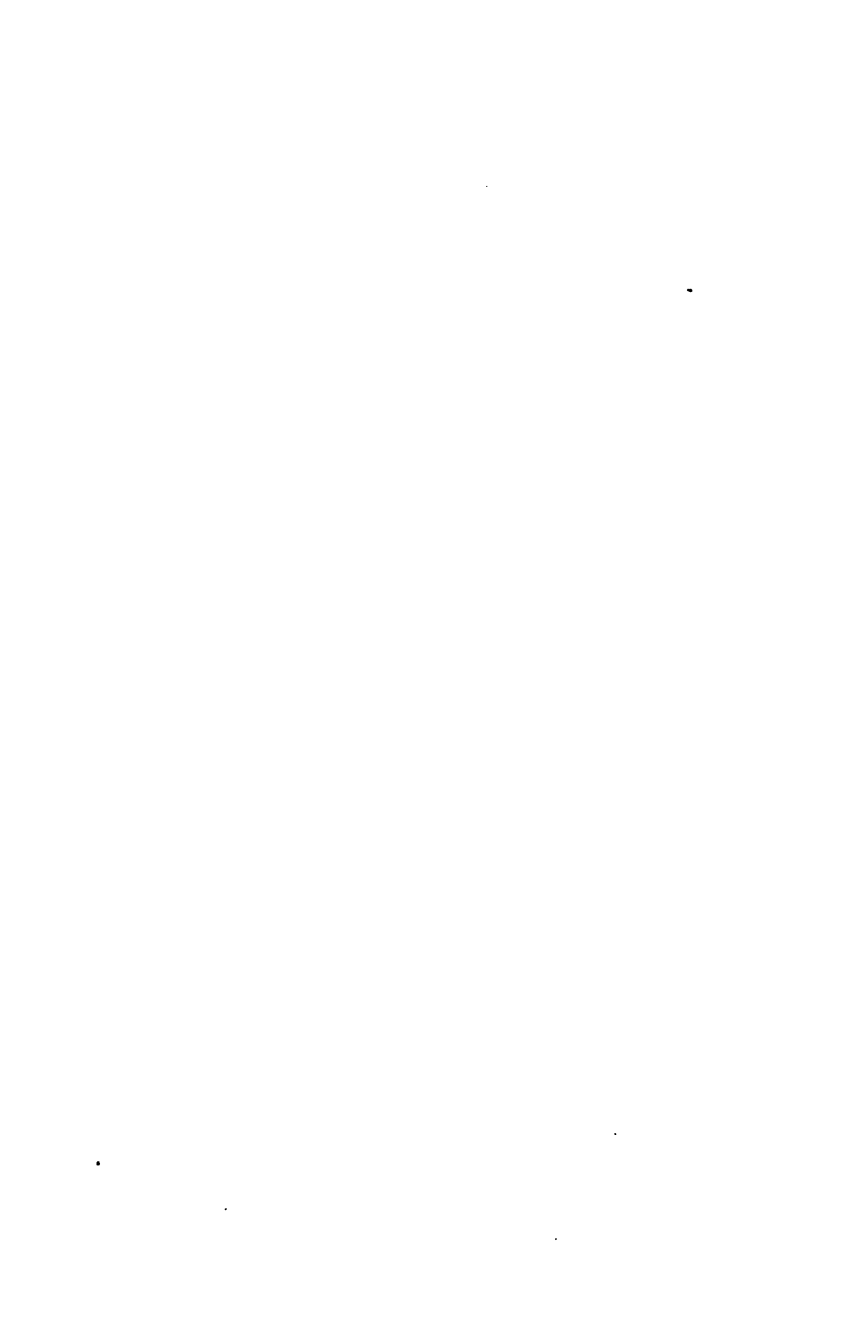
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Hymns and Odes.



HYMNS AND ODES.

I.

And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness. So God created man in his own image: in the image of God created he him.—GEN. i. 26, 27.

OH, fair original of man !
His high—His honoured name !
His being's deathless might began,
In yon cerulean flame.

In holiness and knowledge made,
Similitude divine ;
In sacerdotal robes array'd,
Before creation's shrine.

In waves serene of crystal thought,
Where deep emotions flow,
His eye shall read what God has taught,
And truth and wisdom know.

The living oracle of God,
As in the ancient plan—
The bright Shekinah's still abode—
The immortal mind of man.

Around him, what a lavish shower,
Of gifts and honours lie !
With immortality his dower,
And glory in his eye !

Decay and death, and change and time,
The lot to mortals given,
Are sounds unknown in speech sublime—
The dialect of heaven.

When yonder lamps before the throne—
Those everlasting fires—
The seven effulgent lights that shone,
Ere sang the angel choirs—

In flickering shadows disappear,
And plunge all heaven in gloom—
Then *only* may his spirit fear,
Annihilation's doom.

The body falling (feeble frame !)—
With what gigantic might,
Up springs his spirit, like a flame
Of beauteous boreal light !

An eagle galled and chain'd no more—
Beneath his cruel bars,
In deepest azure he will soar
Beyond the dimmest stars.

Wheeling along unnumber'd years
Of being's ample maze—
The sweeping cycles of the spheres,
Mid th' empyrèan blaze.

What realms untrod shall meet his view,
Concealed in seas of light ?
What forms of being, strange and new,
Emerge upon his sight ?

What dazzling fields of science clear
Unfolding to the mind ?
What hidden links of thought appear
Like vision to the blind.*

What worlds of radiance by him roll,
As on a jasper sea ?
What "thoughts shall wander" through his soul
Through all eternity ?

Oh! God, my spirit longs to fly
Beyond this narrow shore ;
And, where the scenes of wonder lie,
Eternity explore !

* "In an eternity, what scenes shall strike !
Adventures thicken ! Novelties surprize !
What webs of wonder shall unravel there !
What full day pour on all the paths of Heaven,
And light the Almighty's footsteps in the deep !
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate."—Young.

II.

*But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot,
and she returned unto him into the ark, &c.—GEN. viii. 9.*

Lo ! the dove of Noah flies
Over the floods with searching eyes ;
Perchance some verdant isle may rise
To rest her in.

Water and mist, and wreck below,
And dark the heavens above her show,
Save when, with glimpse of fiery glow,
The sun looks in.

Like her, I search all human things—
Some spot to find where halcyon sings—
Where flow and sparkle blessed springs,
With murmuring din.

In vain ! in vain ! the anxious guest,
For good that fills the aching breast ;
I sigh to view the ark of rest
Come rolling in.

All have I tried ;—on all I see,
The superscription, *Vanity*.
Oh ! ark of rest divine, in thee
My joys begin.

I cannot with the raven light
Where floating corpses meet the sight ;
The carnal feast yields no delight—
The feast of sin.

The honey of the rock I need ;
On food of angels I would feed ;
Manna and fruits of holy seed
My taste may win.

Oh ! let me like the soaring lark,
Mount up and view the looming ark
Come rolling o'er the deluge dark—
All calm within.

Be the blissful vision given !
Be the purple awning riven !
Open the gate—the gate of heaven,
And let me in.

III.

*And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh : * as it is said to this day, in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.—GEN. xxii. 14.*

LIFT up thine eyes to yonder hills,
To Him whose power all nature fills ;
In boundless grace and truth confide :
Jehovah will for his provide.

His best beloved He has given—
Has sent thee living bread from heaven ;
Bid doubt, bid unbelief subside :
Jehovah will for his provide.

In the mount of God it shall be seen,
As in the ancient time has been ;
In peril He is near thy side :
Jehovah will for his provide.

That is, The Lord will see, or provide. (Marginal Reading.)

His angels armed with lightning speed,
To aid thee in thy utmost need,
Upon the winds of heaven shall ride :
Jehovah will for his provide.

Fear not the foes of deadly hate,
That like a lion lie in wait ;
His arm shall dash their rage and pride :
Jehovah shall for his provide.

Dismiss thy fears ; along the road
Walk in communion with thy God ;
He who for thy salvation died—
Immanuel will for thee provide.

IV.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven ; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. — GEN. xxviii. 12.

Oh ! night, dark night, on ebon throne,
What scenes hast thou revealed !
Of worlds invisible, unknown—
By light of day concealed.

A beam of splendor shot abroad—
The azure vault was riven ;
I saw the glorious throne of God,
I saw the gate of heaven.

Anon I viewed with entranced eyes,
Beneath the waning moon—
A ladder reaching to the skies,
With steps like beams of noon.

A tower of light, with radiant rings,
Where forms of sunny hue,
Descending, with their half-furl'd wings,
Crowded upon my view.

I saw the star-pav'd dread abode,
I saw the sapphire riven ;
And cried, "this is the house of God !
This is the gate of heaven !"

Oh ! night, dark night, on ebon throne,
What scenes hast thou revealed !
Of worlds invisible, unknown—
By light of day concealed.

Unscale my eyes—the mist disperse,
That wondering I may see
The secrets of the universe—
Hid in eternity.

Thus waking, spoke the youthful seer—
At Bethel gazing round
Upon the unpeopled empty air,
And angel-haunted ground.

Lord ! when in death I close my eyes,
To me the boon be given—
To view the ladder of the skies,
And mount thereon to heaven.

V.

And he said, let me go, for the day breaketh. —
GEN. xxxii. 26.

LET me go—behold the morn breaks,
Sparks mingled with red burning flakes,
Leap up as the solar orb nears ;
Let me go, for the morning appears.

Afar on the dark purple sky,
Fair visions—fair forms I espy ;
They are treading those white rolling spheres:
Let me go, for the morning appears.

The chant of the loud-shouting choirs,
The ring of the gold-woven lyres ;
Already it chimes in my ears :
Let me go, for the morning appears.

Farewell to the regions of time,
Of error, of darkness, of crime,
Of sorrow, of sighing, of tears !
Let me go, for the morning appears.

Let me go to the isles of the blest,
Where the children of toil are at rest—
Beyond this dark valley of tears :
Let me go, for the morning appears.

To Canaan, so beauteous and green,
Where Eden again shall be seen ;
Where Zion her temple uprears :
Let me go, for the morning appears.

Hark ! they call from the hills in the sky,
Where they float out their banners on high,
Like stars that leap out of their spheres :
Let me go, for the morning appears.

Lo ! a white-winged ship is descried :
How it sings through the clear amber tide
As the shore of eternity nears :
Let me go, for the morning appears.

VI.

For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians.—Ex. xii. 23.

Woe ! Woe ! the last great judgment comes
apace—

Quick lightning-pulses throb along the sky ;
With pauses dread.—Oh ! Egypt, void of grace,
Thou castedst out the stranger's babe to die ;
No pity in thy bosom found a place,

Thou heededst not the Hebrew mother's cry :
Lo ! on thy walls the stern decree is written,
“ So Egypt shall thy first-born babe be smitten ! ”

See the destroying angel pass the door
Sprinkled, protected by the sanguine sign ;
Though treasured wrath and retribution pour
Along his path—though forked splendors
shine,

No wail is heard,—no parent cries deplore
The expiring infant touched by stroke divine !
Secure, Jeshurun, was thy chosen race ;
Beneath Jehovah's wings, thy hiding place.

So when the Avenger comes—when this green
world

Is wrapt in flames—the pillars of the sky
Bow to their fall, and stars to earth are hurled ;
When Adam's gathering myriads raise the cry,
“ He comes ! He comes ! ” with banners broad
unfurled—

To thee—to thee, Oh Lamb of God, we fly,
And safe in thy pavilion tune the lyre,
While vengeance rolls her floods of living fire.

VII.

*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my
last end be like his.—NUM. xxiii. 10.*

So let me breathe my latest sigh,
Awaking up in bliss ;
Be mine the death the righteous die ;
My last end be like his !

Sweet peace rests on him as he lies
Now pardoned and made whole ;
A beam shot down from opening skies—
Heaven's sunshine on his soul.

By faith, when sinking dark in death,
He views eternal things ;
And angels watch his parting breath
And bear him on their wings—

Swift as a strong and mighty wind,
Through realms of space unknown,
Evanished stars and suns behind,
Before the purple throne—

And mid the assembly of the just,
In temple fair and wide,
Rejoicingly give up their trust
At father Abraham's side.

Oh ! blessed they that shall awake
And view the great I AM !
Who shall the marriage feast partake—
The supper of the Lamb.

What martyrs, saints, and seers, in throngs
Shall crowd the festal board !
What wonder and delight !—what songs
Shall circle the Adored !

To Him that loved us, not in vain,
Who washed us in His blood,
For evermore to live and reign,
As kings and priests to God,

Salvation, glory, honour, power,
Dominion, riches, might—
Be unto Him for evermore,
Through all the realms of light.

The music climbs the trembling pole,
Where stars in silence sleep,
Loud as the river-floods that roll
In thunder to the deep.

Oh ! Death—the door unfolding bright—
To mortal vision given !
Portal to palaces of light—
The jasper gate of heaven !

So let me breathe my latest sigh,
Awaking up in bliss ;
Be mine the death the righteous die ;
My last end be like his !

VIII.

Joshua therefore came unto them suddenly, and went up from Gilgal all night. And the Lord discomfited them before Israel, . . . and were in the going down to Beth-horon, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died : they were more which died with hail-stones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword, &c.—JOSH. x. 9—14.

The Amorite routed, retreats to the west,
His gorget torn open, and bleeding his breast,
His forehead deep scarr'd, and his helmet all
cloven ;
And sanguine the mantle that soft hands have
woven.

The region behind is all covered with spoil—
With armour and vests thrown away in the coil,
Like forest's wide range, where the woodman
has been,
Strewn with fragments of timber and branches
of green.

Dismay and pale terror are sweeping along
With uproar and carnage, the fear-stricken
throng;
Some hide in the cavern, some plunge in the
stream,
Some flee to the forest, from war's fiery beam.

But the arrow of Israel is swifter than wind,
And the lightning of Joshua's lance is behind;
And his glittering spearmen, that rush on the
sight,
Pursue them as angels the demons of night.

On Gibeon, the sun had now reached his pavilion
Of glory, enshrouded with gold and vermillion;
And opposite hung the meek moon her dim
sphere,
When Israel's chieftain had rested his spear.

Stand still on Gibeon, thou sun! and thou moon
In Ajalon's vale! and the Amorite soon,
Like the armies of locusts blown into the sea,
Driven, blasted, and wasted and vanished shall be.

On ! on ! for the sword it doth waste in the rear,
On the van fall the hailstones of God that appear
Rapid balls of red flame in the sun's setting
light,
And sweep like a deluge the plain of the fight.

O'er forest and mountain, o'er valley and river,
On, on, they are driven. Will the night
shadows never
Enshroud them, and shield them from war's
comet eye ?
Will that lingering orb never shrink from the
sky ?

Why wheels not the moon o'er the region of
night ?
And the stars—will they never more break on
the sight ?
Their Maker has bid them : with gold-woven
rein
They have checked their bright cars on the dark
purple plain.

Such night never was since creation's young
morn,
When the sun first arose, and the moon filled
her horn ;
Nor will be, till both shall be cast from the sky ;
Till time shall expire, and nature shall die.

Oh ! Israel, in danger rejoice in thy God :
The rock shall gush water when smote by his rod ;
In famine, the sky shall rain manna like snow ;
The hornet before thee shall drive out the foe.

On fleet wings shall come all the host of the sky ;
Waters roll from beneath, and winds rush from
 on high,
And the stars, on the sapphire-blue battle-field
 spread,
Shall fight in their courses to shelter thy head.

IX.

*Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea
like a man's hand.*—I. KINGS xviii. 44.

Lo ! I see a little cloud
Rising o'er the level sea,
No larger than the human hand.
Slowly it seemeth to expand,
With scarce a breath of wind to stir
The filmy-woven gossamer.
Haste ! I hear the sound of rain
Like thunder on the dusty plain ;
That cloudlet, thin, transparent, clear,
Will darken all the hemisphere.
The oceans lift to regions high
And pour in torrents from the sky ;

The vine of Ephrem, seeming dead,
Shall lift again its leafy head ;
Green, green shall rise Samaria's hill,
And water gush from all her rills :
The mountain streams leap from their sources
And willows wave by water courses.
Snow-like, the thickets of the almond
Shall crown the graceful towered Salmon ;
Soon, loaded with her yellow burden,
The land shall look like Eden's garden ;
And sands, where hot the simoom blows,
Rejoice and blossom as the rose.
Sing praise to Him, who gives again
The early and the latter rain !
A time shall come—a glorious time,
Foretold in many an ancient rhyme ;
By prophet, sage, and entranc'd seer,
In visions seen distinct and clear ;
Time when the Spirit of the Lord
Upon the nations shall be poured,
Like rivers with a mighty sound ;
Like floods upon the thirsty ground :
The desert be a fruitful field
That stores of paradise shall yield ;
The fruitful field, a forest green,
Where trees of righteousness are seen
Like Lebanon—their spreading root,
And boughs that fill the world with fruit.
Small, like this cloud, the blessings given
Shall rise and reach the crown of heaven—

Shall overshadow all the earth ;
Creation's beauteous, second birth ;
A little leaven hid in meal ;
The ray that first begins to steal
Upon the air and heaving main ;
The mustard seed's minutest grain ;
A drop preluding copious shower ;
Weakness that ends in mighty power ;—
All these may symbolize the grace
Reserv'd for Adam's fall'n race.
Small thy beginnings, Prince of Peace !
Thy latter end a large increase !
Oh ! lovely day, dawn on these eyes !
Oh ! Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Sabbath of time—the day of rest
Primeval, which the Lord hath blest ;
Golden millenium of the world,
When shall thy banners be unfurled ?
When shall thy beauteous, orient star
Peer out o'er morning's purple bar ?
Satan be cast like lightning down ?
Emmanuel wear his conquering crown—
Take to himself his mighty power,
And reign o'er realms, his rightful dower ?—
While saints look down with starry eyes
On earth's wide-spreading paradise.
Blessed the eyes that meet the blaze,
The splendor of those coming days !
Blessed the ears that hear *that* sound—
A bliss, nor kings, nor prophets found !

When we are with our fathers laid,
And sweetly slumber in the shade,
The spirit with the perfect just,
The body mouldering into dust,
(A folded mantle kept in trust,)
Then shall be heard the sudden cry
Of myriad voices in the sky—
“The kingdoms of this world shall be
The kingdoms of our God, and He
Shall reign until the final doom!”
Then Hallelujahs shall burst forth
Like whirlwinds rolling from the north—
The storms that in the winter boom
Like thunder on a tropic plain,
Or as the many-voicèd main—
“Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Be to the Lamb for evermore!”
The morning stars shall sing again,
The Universe resound Amen!

X.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.—NEH. viii. 10.

AYE chanting some beautiful hymn,
A song of the seer-written word;
Oh happy the sojourn of him
Who is glad in the joy of the Lord!

The joy of the Lord is his strength,
As drinking the cool desert-rill,
He travels the road's weary length
To Zion's high temple-crowned hill.

Lo ! glittering before him, the spires
Of Salem flash out on his sight !
'Tis the joy of the Lord that inspires
With a hope, pure, immortal, and bright.

When tidings of evil arrive,
And sorrows around him increase,
The joy of the Lord shall revive
His bosom with message of peace.

If no path on the desert appear,
Nor pillar of cloud be descried,
I will wait till the vision be clear,
With the joy of the Lord for my guide.

When tempest comes on with the night,
And darkness descends on my way,
The joy of the Lord—a sweet light,
Sheds around me meridian day.

Should war-floods roll on like a sea,
And the thunder of battle be heard ;
Serene, undismayed, shall I be ;
Serene, in the joy of the Lord.

When thy billows are round me, when all
Thy water-spouts over me roll,
No terrors of death shall appall
With the joy of the Lord in my soul.

Clad in robe of seraphical fire,
Where assemble the jubilant throng,
I shall strike the loud-sounding lyre,
With the joy of the Lord for my song.

Stretch thy wings, like an eagle, for flight;
Lo ! the realm where the Saviour's ador'd ;
The city transcendently bright,
Where they sing in the joy of the Lord.

XI.

Remember me, O my God, for good.—NEH. xiii. 31.

By Christ, the Holy Child, I pray,
His powerful, His atoning blood ;
By all the woes that on Him lay,
Remember me, my God, for good.

By all the glories of Thy name,
By Seraphim, scarce understood,
Thy wondrous love's eternal flame,
Remember me, my God, for good.

Almighty One ! my rock, my stay—
When Satan, like a rushing flood,
Rolls in to sweep my soul away,
Remember me, my God, for good.

When to thy mercy-seat I flee,
Where penitent I oft have stood,
And lift my suppliant hands to Thee,
Remember me, my God, for good.

Beside thy table, richly spread
With manna, sweet as angels' food,
When I shall taste the wine, the bread,
Remember me, my God, for good.

When in the dim, the cloudy day,
Wandering in life's entangled wood,
With thine own light, thy cheering ray,
Remember me, my God, for good.

And when upon the dizzy verge,
Where darkly rolls the nether flood,
I stoop to plunge me in the surge,
Remember me, my God, for good.

XII.

I would not live away.—JOB vii. 16.

Oh! take the bitter cup away—
Wormwood and mingled gall;
I loathe the thought to live away
The body's thrall.

Pierc'd by the thorn of grief, I moan,
And round me thousands sigh ;
In this wide hospital we groan,
And toss, and die.

This life—how weary, flat, and poor,
Unsatisfying, vain ;
A dull, monotonous, drear moor
Of mist and rain.

The soul no solid good can find,
Sought morning, night, and noon ;
No food to fill the immortal mind
Beneath the moon.

I have renounced thee, giddy earth—
Thy polished, painted toys ;
Why should I longer dwell where worth—
Where honour dies ?

Glimpses of glory—beamy, bright—
Anon my soul surprise,
Dazzling with unapproached light
These feeble eyes.

Those lofty rings ! oh ! might I climb,
To poet vision given ;
Orb over orb, sweeping sublime
Up into heaven.

XIII.

*Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days
when God preserved me.—JOB xxix. 2.*

OH! that it were with me like days,
Like months and seasons fled,
Time when the candle of the Lord,
Was shining on my head;

When by its brightness undismay'd,
I walk'd through paths of gloom,
And all my children fair arrayed,
Were round me in their bloom.

Then God was with me; like a flood
I poured the tide of praise;
Jehovah was the sovereign good,
The solace of my days.

He was my portion; all the day
I walked as in His sight;
His brightness burst upon my view,
From all the orbs of night.

I washed my steps with precious oil;
And, where I chose my road,
Fountains of wine gushed from the soil—
The brooks with honey flowed.

The earth smiled round, as when the bowers
Of paradise were given,
A wilderness of fruits and flowers,
Fair as the stars of heaven.

My robe was righteousness, and truth
My goodly diadem ;
Among the elders I sat chief ;—
As king I counselled them.

They waited for me as the rain,
My speech drop't like the dew ;
Silent, they answered not again ;—
On *me* they turned their view.

The cause, I knew not, I sought out
By aid of righteous laws ;
Before the court where justice reigned
I broke the lion's jaws.

I was a father to the poor ;
Beneath my sheltering wing,
The orphan learnt to dwell secure,
The widow's heart to sing.

His blessing, that was near to die,
Stretched on his anguished bed—
Like manna dropping from the sky,
Descended on my head.

The eye that saw me blessed me ;
The ear that heard my voice
Gave witness to the sound, and made
My leaping heart rejoice.

Feet to the lame, eyes to the blind,
And to the hungry bread ;
The prison, where pale misery pined,
Flew open at my tread.

My root was by the river stream,
A tree of goodly show ;
Fresh was my verdure, and my bloom
Was like the archèd bow.

Then, by the smoke of sacrifice,
Ascending in the air,
To heaven I lifted up my eyes,
And poured my morning prayer.

Thou drew'st a guardian fence around,
Within whose charmèd ring
No fatal serpent could be found,
Nor bird of boding wing.

I said, "my mountain standeth strong,
I never shall be moved ;
My life, a summer fair and long ;
My way, by heaven approved."

I said, "I shall die in my nest,
In warm profound repose—
The home of long-endearèd rest
Which leafy boughs enclose."

Ah ! man, blind to his coming doom—
The heritage of sorrow :
Who knoweth not, nor dares presume
What may be on the morrow.

Caldest our days, brightest their beam,
Before the coming woe ;
As waters glide with smoothest stream
Ere they are dashed below.

Oh ! take away this night abhorred—
(Dark veil around me spread,)
And let the candle of the Lord
Again shine on my head.

Oh ! that it were with me the same
As months and seasons past !
Before the flood of trouble came—
The desolating blast.

XIV.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.—Ps. xxiii. 1.

MY Shepherd shall keep his folded sheep
From nightly harm, from day's alarm :
When morning dawns, to dewy lawns,
His voice so sweet, shall guide my feet
To pastures green, of sun-lit sheen—
The vale where blows sweet Sharon's rose.
Beneath a rock, his little flock,
In shade reclined, shall ready find
A cool retreat, from noon-tide heat ;
Shall seek the shade by chesnuts made,
Or winding river, where alders quiver.
With evening's close, a soft repose,
A lulling sound, reigns all around.
Through dark, through bright, by day, by night
He shall attend me ; from robber's prowl,
From lion's howl, he shall defend me.

In death's dark vale, I shall not quail ;
In savage glen, black horror's den,
I shall espy my Shepherd nigh ;
In paths untrod, discern his rod.
I still shall hear, his footfall near,
His presence dear, and know no fear.
The rapid night wheels into light :
My Shepherd leads to immortal meads
Of Asphodel, where the blessed dwell ;
To the murmuring grove, where angels rove
The living fountain ;—no beast shall destroy,
No serpent annoy in his holy mountain ;
There peace shall be like a quiet sea—
Like a sunny river, rolling on for ever.

XV.

The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.—
Ps. xxxiii. 5.

WHILE Seraphim are singing,
Thy praises, Lord, on high ;
And heaven's blue arches ringing—
The arches of the sky.

On valley, wood, and mountain,
The copious dews descend ;
Drawn from the living fountain,
Aye, flowing without end.

As sunny beams enlighten
The shades of earth below,
Thy smiles of mercy brighten
The saddest scenes of woe.

The green earth, air, and ocean,
Beneath, around, above,
And seasons in their motion,
All, all are full of love.

This leaflet polished, trembling,
Is written o'er and o'er,
With "God is Love"—resembling
Symbols of mystic lore.

But they can never ease us,
Our sin and guilt subdue,
Until the dying Jesus
On Calvary we view.

In Him, the burning centre,
These scattered beams combine ;
On Him alone we venture,
Benignity divine !

When darkening shades around us,
Are falling from above,
And troubled thoughts confound us—
Then whisper, "God is Love."

That love—oh ! let me taste it
When pangs of death are nigh ;
Kept like a jewelled bracelet,
Or apple of the eye.

When gales divine shall fan us
In paradise above ;
Oh ! then, with glad hosannas,
We'll sing the God of love.

XVI.

*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright : for
the end of that man is peace.—Ps. xxxvii. 37.*

MARK ye the perfect man ! behold
In death his last release !
His sun goes down mid waves of gold :
The closing scene is peace.

Peace through the Lamb's atoning blood ;
Gift of the Sacred Dove ;
Foretaste of joys beyond the flood—
The land of light and love.

That peace—pure as a sea of glass—
Calm as the inner shrine,
All understanding doth surpass,
Ineffable, divine.

Memorial of Immanuel's grace,
To His disciples given,
Before He left earth's dwelling place,
Ascending into heaven.

Elijah so—when seen afar
Up mounting on the wind,
He rode to heaven in flaming car,
His mantle left behind.

XVII.

Surely every man walketh in a vain show.—PS. xxxix. 6.

I SAW heaven's various spangled bow,
Sapphires and rubies red ;
A little space the painted show
Hung beauteous, and then fled.

I saw a meteor on the sky,
A crimson banner bright ;
I saw it fade, and fade and die,
And vanish from the sight.

I saw a boreal tournament
(How gay to look upon),
The dancing figures came and went ;
When morning dawned, t'was gone.

I gazed a glowing landscape scene ;
Enchanted as I flew ;
The sunny lines of verdant sheen
Were ravished from my view.

Within a river's polished glass
Appeared inverted skies ;
The circling waters move—alas !
The azure vision flies.

Oh ! life of mortals ; transient, light,
The forms I here behold ;
Gay tinsel, glittering to the sight,
Instead of massy gold.

The earthly good that mortals prize
Deceives the giddy crowd ;
A goddess *seems* to human eyes,
And *is*, a painted cloud.

Why would'st thou hope for living bread
Where barren sands abound ?
Or gather figs where thistles spread
The prickly region round ?

The land to which my thoughts aspire,
Where solid treasure lies,
Where seraphs walk in white attire,
Is hidden in the skies.

XVIII.

I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me, &c.—Ps. xxxix. 12, 13.

WE pass like shadows o'er the earth—
Not one abiding there ;
Strangers and pilgrims from our birth,
As all our fathers were.

Our life—a lamp of dying ray—
A bird of rapid flight,
Or like a cloudy winter's day
That brings the hasty night.

Where are the mighty men of old,
That lived before the flood,
Whose blazoned names are writ in gold—
The chosen Sons of God?

Long have they been with Him at rest,
From sorrow's bondage free—
The great assembly of the blest,
Hid in eternity.

When with rebukings dread, severe,
Thou smitest in thy wrath,
Our strength, our beauty, blighted sear,
Doth perish like a moth.

Spare me, my God, my strength restore,
Ere all my days are flown,
And I go hence, and be no more
Among the living known.

XIX.

*Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my
exceeding joy.—Ps. xliii. 4.*

OH! when shall I, in yon abode—
The palace of the sky—
Approach the altar of my God,
My most exceeding joy.

Thy wondrous love when shall I trace—
A bliss without alloy—
And view in heaven thy smiling face,
My most exceeding joy ?

When, with a harp of golden wires,
Shall it be my employ
To sound thy Name 'mid cherub choirs,
My most exceeding joy ?

Being's unfathomed deep abyss—
Of love the boundless sea—
Whence blessed spirits draw their bliss,
To all eternity ;

Send out thy light and truth, and bring
Me to thy holy hill,
Where blooms one everlasting spring,
Where flows Siloa's rill.

Oh ! then in thy so fair abode
It shall be my employ,
To sing thy praise, O God, my God !—
My most exceeding joy !

XX.

*Oh that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I
fly away, and be at rest.—Ps. lv. 6.*

OH ! give me the wings of a dove ;
Let me fly from this region of strife,
Where wolves from the wild forest rove—
Where hiss the fierce serpents of life.

Oh ! give me the wings of a dove ;
Let me fly to those sea-bosomed isles,
Where the air breathes the music of love,
And the spring-tide eternally smiles.

Where envy the asp cannot sting,
Nor the tiger of cruelty roar ;
Where birds in the branches aye sing—
Aye murmurs the wave on the shore.

No serpents in orchards entwined,
With the apples of Sodom for fruit ;
No fields of Gomorrah, with vine
Whose poison ascends by the root.

Those fair isles—the isles of the blest,
By war's giant foot never trod ;
Where smiles many a sweet bower of rest,
Like the beautiful garden of God.

Oh ! give me the wings of a dove ;
Let me fly from this region of woe
To the land of blue sapphire above,
And emerald verdure below.

XXI.

O thou that hearest prayer.—Ps. lxx. 2.

Oh God! to whom belong
Dominion, glory, power,
Awake, behold the cruel wrong
Of this distressing hour.

My foes, with hate and lies,
The secret gin prepare :
To Thee, I lift my failing eyes,
O Thou that hearest prayer.

“I’ll surely do thee good,
My truth and love declare ;”
’Tis thus thy Word has ever stood,
O Thou that hearest prayer.

Then, on the wings of love,
Let angels cleave the air,
To save thy darling turtle dove,
O Thou that hearest prayer.

Thou art my Lord, my bliss,
My portion, joy, and care ;
Yet hast no Name more dear than this,
O Thou that hearest prayer.

This thought shall keep my soul
From sinking in despair,
When loudest sorrows o'er me roll,
That still Thou hearest prayer.

When we, before the throne,
The final triumph share,—
When the last trump, with solemn tone,
Peals through the sounding air,—

And we in glory meet,
In regions bright and fair,
We still will sing the Name, so sweet,
Of Him that heareth prayer.

XXII.

The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended.—
Ps. lxxii. 20.

THE toils of Judah's king are o'er—
Safe landed on the peaceful shore ;
The prayers, with tears of anguish blended,
Of David, Jesse's son, are ended.

Those prayers are turned to rapturous praise,
To sound through everlasting days,
With songs of saints and prophets blended ;
The prayers of David now are ended.

No more the cry forlorn, undone,
"O Absalom, my son! my son!"—
No weeping with his wine-cup blended;
The prayers of David now are ended.

Sweet singer of our Israël!
Now strike thy lute, thy corded shell,
With lyres of thronging seraphs blended;
Thy prayers, O Jesse's son, are ended.

So, soon of us, it will be said,
When numbered with the sainted dead—
(The tomb to which the Lord descended)—
Our prayers, our conflicts now are ended.

Soon shall we tread the sapphire road,
And view the glorious Lamb of God;
From all our foes at last defended,
Our prayers and griefs for ever ended.

XXIII.

Whom have I in heaven but thee.—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

GREAT archetype of loveliness!
The fount of lesser fires,
To Thee, to Thee, supreme in bliss,
My soul aspires.

Sea, unexplor'd and infinite—
Unfathomable grace;
Thy smile, ineffable with light,
Fills every place.

In zeal, in high ecstatic praise,
In fervid charity,
Draw forth my willing soul, and raise
My thoughts to Thee.

In wisdom's pathway, smooth and green,
For ever let me tread,
Till glory, gathering all serene,
Rests on my head.

“Whom have I in the heaven but Thee?”
Or underneath the skies?—
Thy face my spirit longs to see
With wondering eyes.

My God! my most exceeding joy!
The centre of my love!
Thy smile is bliss without alloy,
In worlds above.

XXIV.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before, &c.—Ps. xc. 1, 2.

BEFORE the floods of time began,
Or angels knew thy Name,
And, wondering, ey'd the azure span
Alive with spherul flame.

From everlasting, from of old,
Thou wast thyself alone ;
No Seraph sung, no planet roll'd—
Through space, with thunder tone.

Thy goings forth are in the past,
From all eternity ;
And Thou, when years no longer last,
For evermore shall be.

Thy might (theme of angelic praise !)
What understanding knows ?—
When nothing was, in vivid rays
The universe arose.*

Planets and stars, and suns, sublime
In countless radiancy ;
A monument, built up in time,
To thine eternity.

* " Who call'd the world from emptiness :
The world obey'd and came."—WATTS.

While in the wilderness we roam,
With cares and griefs oppressed,
Thou art our dwelling place—our home—
A calm and peaceful rest ;

The joy, the centre of the soul,
Where hills of light arise,
In realms beyond the nightly pole,
Eternal in the skies ;

Our home, when earth reels in the blast,
That sounds from shore to shore ;
When th' awful day of doom is past,
And time shall be no more.

XXV.

*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High,
shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.—Ps. xci. 1.*

He shall protect thee with his wings ;
In his pavilion thou shalt hide—
A vale retired of murmuring springs !
With lulling sounds of evening-tide.

Beneath his feathers thou shalt trust ;
His truth thy buckler and thy shield ;
His mighty arm shall guard the just
In dangerous places of the field.

Thousands shall fall at thy right hand ;
Ten thousand perish at thy side ;
'Mid storms and dangers, thou shalt stand,
And view the recompence of pride.

Terrors thou shalt not fear by night,
Nor arrow flying in the day ;
Nor pestilence concealed from sight—
Fever or plague of baleful ray.

Upon the lion thou shalt tread,
Adders and asps of spiteful mould ;
Young forest lions heard with dread,
And dragons fearful to behold.

And He shall give his angels charge
To keep thee travelling and alone,
Lest chance, on danger's crumbling marge,
Thou dash thy foot against a stone.

The angel-ranks, are they not his ?
Sent forth to guard his children home ?—
To guide the chosen heirs of bliss
To realms beyond the shadowy tomb ?—

The bloom of crimson on their wings,
In flaming chariots they have rode
In dazzling mail of woven rings—
The warrior ministers of God.

Mighty the offices they yield
Of love—His smile their sole reward ;
On wing they sweep creation's field
To serve the King, their sovereign Lord.

When Jordan spreads his torrents wide,
They flock around in eager choirs,
To bear thee through the swelling tide,
And point the path to Salem's spires.

"In trouble, I will be with him,
When streams of anguish round him roll ;
Sweeter than voice of Seraph's hymn
Conveying comfort to his soul.

"My mercy ne'er shall lose its hold,
Till my salvation he has seen,
'Mid towers of adamant and gold,
And bloomy bowers of drapery green."

[This psalm was the Author's last production, his solace and comfort during the last week of his life.]

XXVI.

The Lord reigneth : he is clothed with majesty ; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself, &c.—Ps. xciii. 1.

JEHOVAH reigns ! enrobed in majesty,
Enrobed in radiant light no eye may see.
His mighty power, what human arm has prov'd ?
The world established never can be mov'd.
Of old—from everlasting is thy throne,
From all eternity thou wast alone.
The raging floods have lifted up their voice,
Have lifted up their waves with foaming bound ;
The Lord, on high, is mightier than the sound
Of many waters—mightier than the roar
Of waves, that roll and dash upon the shore.
Thy testimonies, Lord, are very sure ;
And holiness becomes thy house for evermore.

XXVII.

When wilt thou come unto me.—Ps. ci. 2.

MY three-score years and ten are flown,
The arrow's sped, the flower is blown ;
When shall I stand before the throne,
Emancipated, free ?—
When wilt thou come to me ?

To view thy face, my spirit faints ;
I long to join the assembled saints ;
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 Bid doubt and darkness flee ?—
 When wilt thou come to me ?

I long to gain the goodly prize,
Eternal life beyond the skies,
And in thy glorious image rise,
 From sinful passions free ;—
 When wilt thou come to me ?

When shall I glide through fields of space
To yonder high and holy place,
And stand before Immanuel's face,
 And all His glory see ?—
 When wilt thou come to me ?

Upon this tedious, weary road
I would lay down life's galling load ;
I long to see the fair abode
 Where all the righteous be ;—
 When wilt thou come to me ?

Where all is solid, all secure—
A star-enamelled purple floor ;
The realm which shall for aye endure,
 Of immortality ;—
 When wilt thou come to me ?

XXVIII.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.—Ps. cxix. 18.

OPEN mine eyes, that I may see,
Inspired with sacred awe,
The standard rule, from error free—
Thy pure and holy law.

Open mine eyes, that I may see
Myself in mirror clear;
As, to a God of purity,
And angels, I appear.

Open mine eyes, that I may see
The wonders of thy Word;
The glories of eternity,
The beauty of the Lord.

Illumined thus, I shall survey,
“Astonished with the view,”
Old things for ever passed away,
And all things formed anew.

So saw the youth, from Dothan's height,
With newly-opened eyes—
Chariots of fire, and warriors bright,
That filled the flaming skies.

So, Adam saw th' entrancing scene,
Of passing beauty born ;
The garden lying all serene,
Beneath the opal morn.

The dying saint, such feeling owns,
When first in Salem's ground,
On seraph forms and burning thrones,
He looks with wonder round.

XXIX.

*Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had
gone over our soul.—Ps. cxxiv. 4.*

If the Lord had not been on my side,
My courage had fail'd, my spirits had died ;
The rushing stream had gone over my soul—
The proud waters gone over my soul.

For me, I remember'd, the Saviour was smitten ;
My tears, I saw, in thy chronicle written ;
Then hush'd was the stream in its tempest-roll—
The proud waves that went over my soul.

I knew the joys that peace can impart,
The peace of God that abides in the heart ;
Then still'd was the storm in its turbulent roll,
The proud waves that went over my soul.

When my faith is weak, when my spirit is tried,
When I sink overwhelmed in the dark seething
tide,
And hear the deep waters go over my soul—
The proud billows go over my soul—

Stretch forth the hand of thy might to the deep ;
Say, " peace, be still," and the surges shall sleep,
And the tempests grow calm, that pass over my
soul—
The proud waves that go over my soul.

Oh ! leave me not on the slippery brink,
In the nether abyss, unsupported to sink ;
Where the river of wrath rushes over the soul—
The proud waves go over the soul.

Oh ! when shall I land on eternity's shore—
The haven of rest,—and hear never more
Cataracts of anguish break over my soul—
The proud waters go over my soul ?

XXX.

*It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat
the bread of sorrows : for so he giveth his beloved sleep.—
Ps. cxxiv. 2.*

SAFE underneath his watchful eye,
With plagues, and death, and dangers nigh ;
Calm as the bright, the slumbering deep,
He giveth his beloved sleep.

Dreams of Elysian valleys fair,
(Oblivion sweet of worldly care,)
Shall all thy limbs and senses steep ;—
He giveth his beloved sleep.

Like yonder sinking, summer sun,
When twilight murmurs have begun ;
As winds, that over violets creep,
He giveth his beloved sleep.

E'en in the cold and wormy tomb,—
The narrow house of prison gloom ;
E'en in the grave, so dark and deep,
He giveth his beloved sleep,—

Till, in the chambers under ground,
They hear the Archangel's trumpet sound ;
Then Death, no more his guard shall keep,
Nor give to his beloved sleep.

Risen triumphant from the dead,
The sapphire pavement they shall tread;
Where the new heavens and earth unfold
Mansions and splendours all untold.

Immortal, knowing no decay,
And beautiful, as rising day,
They shall unbroken Sabbath keep,
Nor need then his beloved sleep.

XXXI.

*Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness
leaning upon her beloved?—CANT. viii. 5.*

SAY, who is this, that cometh up
From deserts dark and wide?—
Leaning upon His mighty arm,
Who travels by her side.

And who is He, to whom she clings—
The sovereign of her soul?
'Tis He, whose Name angelic rings,
And sounds from pole to pole.

Her joy, her solace, and her crown,
The pearl of goodly price,
The plant celestial of renown,
That blooms in paradise.

The Woman's Seed, the Holy Child,
For man's salvation given ;—
The spotless, pure, the undefil'd,
Raised higher than the heaven.

The Angel Priest, with mitre crown'd,
In vest of glittering snow,
With gold of Uphaz girdle bound,
Bright as the spangled bow.

Fairer than all the sons of men,
Grace poured into His lips ;
(So morning, rising from the main,
Doth all the stars eclipse.)

Lo ! the beloved of her soul ;
Listen the soothing voice,
That all her sorrows doth control,
That bids her heart rejoice :

"I will be with you to the end,
While in the vale below ;
Lean on my arm, I will defend,
And save from every foe.

"I'll bear you all the desert through,
Until you reach the shore ;
Till heaven shall burst upon your view,
And time shall be no more."

XXXII.

Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him : for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked ! it shall be ill with him : for the reward of his hands shall be given him.—Is. iii. 10, 11.

SAY to the righteous, it is well,
All things shall work supremest good :
Distress, affliction, famine fell,
And sorrow's overwhelming flood.

Say to the righteous, it is well !
Joined to their glorious head above,
Nor height, nor depth, nor earth, nor hell,
Shall sever from the God of love.

The shadow of His wings beneath,
'Tis theirs to view unveiled day,
Where sorrow, crying, pain, and death,
Like broken clouds have passed away.

Blest with the solace of His love,
Whose hand has wiped away their tears ;
Safe in their Father's house above,
They live through everlasting years.

Say to the righteous, it is well ;
To you, in converse sweet, is given,
To walk in gladness, none can tell,
With saints—the denizens of heaven.

All things are yours, yon high abodes,
This world and time, (the great, the small,)
And ye are Christ's and Christ is God's,
And God at last is all in all.

Such was the song by Seraphs sung,
To lute and lyre harmonious wed ;
It ceased—when from a trumpet rung,
These notes of might to raise the dead.

Woe to the wicked—on his path
(By angels, men, and God abhorred,)
Red vengeance, tempest, fire, and wrath,
Shall be his portion, saith the Lord.

XXXIII.

*And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make
unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on
the lees ; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the
lees well refined.—Is. xiv. 6.*

THE Lord of hosts, in open air,
A royal banquet will prepare ;
On Zion's sacred mountain given
To every nation under heaven.

A feast of fat things, ample meat,
Of fat things full of marrow sweet ;
(Magnificent, 'neath shading trees,)
A feast of wines upon the lees.

Of wines upon the lees refined !
A feast for the immortal mind,
Enjoyed when Death, man's foe, shall be
Swallowed up in victory !

The veil upon the nations cast
Shall be removed, the darkness past,
All weeping fled, all sorrow healed,
The glory of the Lord revealed.

The feast shall be for old and young,
For every climate, every tongue—
The palace, city, roving wain,
And islands of the sounding main.

Long as the sun and moon endure,
Or stars illumine the azure floor,
Peoples in myriads, none can count,
Shall go up to the holy mount.

Oh ! enter 'neath the palace dome,
Crowd to your place, there yet is room ;
Buy wine, buy milk, no money given—
Free as the bounteous air of heaven.

‡

Free as the gifts of nature's hand,
That bud and blossom and expand ;
Watered by overflowing rills—
Free as the fragrance of the hills !

Free as those fair ethereal fires,
That wreath the heavens in golden tires;
Free as the sun, that from his wings,
Splendour, and life, and gladness flings,
The Lord of Hosts, in open air,
A bounteous banquet doth prepare;
A feast wherein to man is given,
All the munificence of heaven.

XXXIV.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.—Is. xxxiii. 17.

THINE eyes shall see the holy place—
A land far off and dim—
Conceal'd amid the depths of space,
Abode of Cherubim.

And there shalt thou behold the King,
Serene in beauty's ray,
In ivory palaces, and sing
His Name to endless day.

Men saw His glory, when He trod
The lowly path of youth;
The glory of the Son of God,
And full of grace and truth.

Human, divine, He grew and bloom'd;
Weakness and wondrous might;
The bush that burnt, yet unconsum'd;
Pavilion fill'd with light.

What beauties *now* entrance the view,
Amid his chosen band!
The branch adorn'd with trembling dew—
The branch of God's right hand.

Aloes and cassia's sweet perfume
Upon His robe shall be;
His head anoint with oil—the bloom
Of immortality.

Such as He was on Tabor's height,
In robes of glistening sheen,
Invisible to human sight,
Too radiant to be seen.

The chief among ten thousand sons,
The first-born of the dead;
While time his mazy circles runs—
“The whole creation's head.”

But oh! what eye may meet the fires,
That shall His path illumine;
When He shall come, 'mid cherub choirs,
Upon the day of doom.

Thy wondering eyes shall view the King,
Serene in beauty's ray;
In ivory palaces, and sing
His Name to endless day.

XXXV.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench : he shall bring forth judgment unto truth.—Is. xlii. 3.

THY faith, a grain of mustard seed—
Like smoking flax, or bruised reed ;
Thy prayer, a breath—the feeble cry
Of helplessness when danger's nigh.

Thy light, the ray of hidden star,
That trembles in the depths afar ;
Faint as the dawn, the dubious gleam,
That long precedes the morning beam.

Thy hope, thy joy, thy knowledge small ;
Oft trembling on the brink to fall :
Yet by Jehovah 'tis decreed,
He will not break the bruised reed.

Thy olden vices, fierce and strong,
Thy combats with temptation long ;
From sin, at length, thou shalt be freed :
He will not break the bruised reed.

Wounded, and prostrate on the ground,
With dark despair environed round ;
With very anguish dost thou bleed ?—
He will not break the bruised reed.

Do foes with vengeful darts assail,
A storm of fire and mingled hail?
Help cometh in the time of need;
He will not break the bruised reed.

The bruised reed becomes a tree,
Strong as the oaks of Bashan be,
Which, through revolving centuries last,—
Which thunder in the wintry blast;

Ordain'd in paradisa dress,
To bloom mid trees of righteousness:
Thus stands the word, which has decreed,
He shall not break the bruised reed.

XXXVI.

*Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it:
shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into
singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein:
for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself
in Israel.—Is. xlv. 23.*

THE Lord hath done it; sing ye heavens,
Shout darksome deeps below:
Break forth in singing, mountain heights,
Whence silver torrents flow.

Ye widening forests green, rejoice
With every waving tree;
And clap your hands, ye river floods
That fall into the sea.

God hath redeemed Israēl—
The land of ancient fame ;
And, brighter than a thousand suns,
Has glorified His Name.

He hath performed His Word—the plan
Of wisdom, power, and love ;
Eternal life bestowed on man,
In worlds of bliss above.

Uncounted as the drops of rain,
His converts shall be found,
Or crested billows of the main
That glance the globe around.

Ye mountains sing, that in the dawn,
With wonder fill our eyes ;
Or when the western sun is fall'n
Like burning altars rise.

Fire, ether, wind—all that have breath,
Wherein is life and motion ;
Dragons and dreadful forms beneath,
That haunt the depths of ocean.

Ye orbs, unnumbered as the sands,
Seen in the depths afar ;
Sweet Pleiades, Orion's bands,
And every crystal star.

The Lord hath done it—sing, ye heavens,
Ye spreading plains below ;
Break forth in triumph, cloudy heights
Of everlasting snow.

XXXVII.

*Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,
and he that hath no money : come ye, buy and eat ; yea,
come, buy wine and milk without money, and without
price.—Is. lv. 1.*

*O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the
light of the Lord.—Is. ii. 5.*

OH ! come to the waters and drink ;
Oh ! come to the lucid brink ;
Come ye to the waters and drink ;
Oh ! come at the call of the Word—
Come walk in the light of the Lord.

Lo ! a region bright and sunny—
Land flowing with milk and honey ;
Buy wine, without price or money ;
Oh ! come at the call of the Word—
Come walk in the light of the Lord.

Where Judah's streams are flowing,
The valleys with roses glowing,
Where thickets of spice are blowing ;
Oh ! come at the call of the Word—
Come walk in the light of the Lord.

Where palms make a pleasant gloom,
Where cedars blow perfume ;
Where ships from mount Carmel loom,
Oh ! come at the call of the Word—
Come walk in the light of the Lord.

Where rise the vine-clad hills,
The olive with oil distils,
Where sparkle a thousand rills ;
Oh ! come at the call of the word—
Come walk in the light of the Lord.

Lo ! winter his course has run,
The rain is past and gone,
And flowers on the earth are sown ;
And the voice of the turtle is heard ;
Come walk in the light of the Lord.

Sweet peace and joy and love—
Graces that grow above,
The gifts of the heavenly Dove—
There flow from the fount of the Word ;
Come walk in the light of the Lord.

The Spirit whispers “ come,”
And the bride in lovely bloom ;
Oh ! come, there yet is room—
Whosoever will, is the word ;
Come walk in the light of the Lord.

See towers of burning gold ;
Through the western mists uproll'd,
And splendours all untold—
The city where God is adored,
Where they walk in the light of the Lord ;

And shining beyond the flood,
The path by prophets trod,
That leads to the palace of God.
“Come up hither, (the voice is heard,)
Come walk in the light of the Lord.”

XXXVIII.

*Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and
make them joyful in my house of prayer.—Is. lvi. 7.*

“FEAR ye not, (thus saith the Lord,)
Ye that tremble at my word ;
Fear not—I will bring you where
Stands my holy house of prayer.

“Free and full access to God,
Through the Lamb’s atoning blood,
By one Spirit, ye shall share ;
Joyful in my house of prayer.

Sons of God, his children dear,
Walking on in holy fear ;
Precious in His sight and fair ;
Joyful in my house of prayer.

Christ, in splendours all unknown,
Angel-priest before the throne,
With your prayers shall mingle sweet
Incense at the mercy seat.

When temptations press and crowd,
When with sorrows ye are bowed,
Ye shall to my seat repair,
Joyful in my house of prayer ;

Till your earthly race is run,
Till the great reward is won ;
Crowned with wreaths of beamy rays,
Joyful in my house of praise.

XXXIX.

*Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that
is near, saith the Lord.—Is. lvii. 19.*

PEACE, peace from God proclaim,
To nations far and near ;
Let tribes of every tongue and name,
The joyful tidings hear.

Peace by the bleeding cross,
The cross of Calvary ;
All gain compared with this is loss,
All glory vanity.

The gift of God unbought,
Unbounded in its worth ;
It doth surpass all human thought,
The joy of heaven on earth.

Peace, peace to men afar,
And peace to nations near ;
By all beheld, like beaming star
High in the hemisphere.

Peace to the roving band,
To savage tribes and rude ;
The denizens of every land,
Of every latitude ;

To men that feed their flocks,
The shadowy palm beneath ;
To shepherds piping by the rocks,
Or on the lonely heath ;

To alleys, haunts of men,
With every vice alive ;
To palace, hovel, mansion, den,
The city's swarming hive ;

To swarthy bands, that rove
In shells and plumage gay ;
That dance in dim illumined grove,
And turn the night to day ;

To islands thwart the flood,
Fair as a silver sea ;
To lands that groan beneath the rod
Of cursed slavery ;

To India's sacred races,
Where fragrant breezes blow ;
To furry Iceland, who traces
His pathway through the snow ;—

Where Phœbus round the pole
Doth day and night advance,
And on the winter's darkest stole,
Gay banners fly and dance.

Send to Japan's green wall—
Land of the rising sun ;
To China's teeming millions call,
Where mightiest rivers run.

Bid red men, 'neath the oak,
The captured foe release ;
Bury the battle-axe, and smoke
The calumet of peace.

To Moslem, Buddhist, Jew,
That idol forms disown ;
Or men that gaze with tranced view
On gods of wood and stone.

Where flowers in morning mist,
Show splendid to the sight,
And star-gems, set in amethyst,
O'er canopy the night ;

To heaven-aspiring Alps,
Where freedom lived of old,
And loved to view her mountain scalps,
Embathed in burning gold ;

To realms volcanic send,
Where earthquakes rock and sway ;
Where ashes, fire, and smoke descend,
On orange gardens gay ;

To valleys blooming wide,
Beyond the visual sweep ;
To lands where mighty rivers stride
In thunder to the deep.

Send to Italia's ground,
Where war sweeps like a flood ;
With noise confused of battle's sound,
And garments rolled in blood ;†

To vast savannahs green,
To boundless reedy plains ;
Wherever human woe has been,
Wherever Satan reigns.

Let sounds of Jubilee
In every land be heard ;
“ And all that's born of man shall see,
The glory of the Lord.”

† Written in June, 1859, about the time of the battle of Solferino.

Peace, peace from God proclaim,
To nations far and near ;
Let tribes of every tongue and name,
The joyful tidings hear.

XL.

How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ?—JER. xii. 5.

WHEN the days of thy journey have stretched to
their close,
And night gathers round thee with gloomy
repose,
By the river so steep—by the slippery brink,
Oh ! how wilt thou ponder, and tremble and
shrink.

And what wilt thou do, when all succour shall
fail ?
When anguish and sorrow, and sin shall assail ?
And the last King of Terrors his weapon shall
gird on ?—
Oh ! what wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ?

When the roar of the loud-calling deep shall
confound thee,
His streams and his billows roll over and round
thee !

Unsustained by the arm of thy heavenly
Warden,
Thou wilt sink!—thou wilt sink in the swelling
of Jordan.

Thy Lord, is He there, who redeemed thee with
blood?—
Then venture to plunge in the wide sweeping
flood,
And cross to the prize—the celestial guerdon :
Thou wilt stand!—thou wilt stand in the swelling
of Jordan.

XLI.

Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord.—
JER. xxiii. 29.

OH ! God, send forth thy conquering word ;
Make bare thine arm of might ;
The Spirit's sharp two-edged sword,
Unsheathe it in our sight.

As, on the mountain's woody head,
Descends the lightning flame ;
Dart from the sky thy light, and spread
The glories of thy Name.

Is not thy Word a piercing fire,
 Of all subduing heat ?
 Deep in the heart its force inspire—
 The soul's most hidden seat.

The spirit search, illumine, heal ;
 And let the lamp within—
 The candle of the Lord reveal
 The deepest, darkest sin.

Baptize us in the flood of flame,
 The zealous John foretold ;
 Till, purified of all our shame,
 We shine like purged gold.

Its power let bold blasphemers own—
 Enlighten'd, aw'd, subdu'd ;
 Embrace the cross with bitter groan,
 " And sigh to be renewed."

 XLII.

For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.—LAM. iii. 33.

IN *righteousness* He doth correct :
 Then know, when you complain,
 He will not *willingly* afflict,
 Nor grieve the sons of men.

Can He, whose dwelling is above,
Where bliss eternal reigns,
With joy, look from His throne of love,
On human groans and pains ?—

Can bitter tears of mortal woe,
Commingle with the songs
That warble soft as breezes blow,
From sweet cherubic tongues ?

Though fierce the sufferings which you feel—
Dire, dreadful as a dart ;
Jehovah only wounds to heal ;
He grieves not from *the heart*.*

In *righteousness* he doth correct :
Then know, when you complain,
He will not *willingly* afflict,
Nor grieve the sons of men.

XLIII.

For why will ye die, O house of Israel ?—Ez. xviii. 31.

“ Lo ! as I live,” Jehovah saith,
“ I have no pleasure in the death
Of him that dies. Why will ye die ?—
Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die ?

* Verse 33. He doth not afflict *willingly*. (Hebrew *from the heart*.)

“ By my eternal Name I swear ;
By heaven and earth, by sea and air ;
By all the glories of my throne,
To minds angelic still unknown ;—

“ By yonder stars, uncounted spheres ;—
I have no pleasure in the tears
Of anguish and despair, that flow
Where wrath and vengeance burn below.

“ Repent, believe, and ye shall live ;
Full pardon shall my mercy give ;
Hark to the prophet’s awful cry :
‘ Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die ? ’

“ Heaven calls you from its blissful thrones,
Hell with a storm of dreadful groans ;—
Hark to the prophet’s awful cry :
‘ Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die ? ’

“ This is the golden day of grace ;—
The day of doom comes on apace ;
Hark to the prophet’s awful cry :
‘ Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die ? ’ ”

XLIV.

*But go thou thy way till the end be ; for thou shalt rest
and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.*—DAN. xii. 13.

BUT go thou thy way, till thy journey be done—
The labour appointed thee under the sun ;
On heaven's bright abodes soon entranced thou
shalt gaze,
And stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

When the toils and the troubles of time are no
more,
Sweet peace shall await thee on Saron's calm
shore,—
Where embowerèd in bliss thou shalt listen soft
lays,
And stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

Better far to depart and be with the Lord,
With apostles and prophets, in loving accord ;
Where the King to his saints all His glory
displays,
And stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

A goodly inheritance then shall be thine,
A region all radiant with lustre divine,—
Where transported with gratitude, wonder, and
praise,
Thou shalt stand in thy lot at the end of the
days.

Where Abraham and Isaac and Jacob now
dwell,
In happy communion no Seraph can tell ;
With all the redeemed, crowned with victory's
bays,
Thou shalt stand in thy lot at the end of the
days.

In spheres far away from the region of night,
With the sons of the mighty, the angels of light,
Thou shalt shine like the stars, or the sun's
brightest rays,
And stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

In a city, like morn when the mists are uproll'd,
Whose gates are of pearl, and its pavement of
gold ;
Its turrets of agate, or jasper's red rays,
Thou shalt stand in thy lot at the end of the
days.

When time shall have finished the mystical scroll,
And ages and seasons no longer shall roll ;
When the trumpet is heard, and the world in a
blaze,
Thou shalt stand in thy lot at the end of the
days.

XLV.

Who is a God like unto thee ?—MICAH vii. 18.

THY mercy, Lord of love,
Spreads like a circling sea,
Whose billows roll in light above ;—
Who is a God like thee ?

Unchanged, it flows the same,
Throughout eternity ;
The highest glory of thy Name ;—
Who is a God like thee ?

With power and truth allied,
And splendour all His own ;
Justice stands awful at thy side,
The guardian of thy throne.

But mercy, thy delight,
Like a beloved child,
Rejoices always in thy sight—
In beauty undefiled.

Remotest planets shine
With beamings of her face ;
Her footsteps, radiant and divine,
Illuminate all space.

In forests dark and still,
Where silence keeps her throne,
Where musings deep the spirit fill,
And man is all alone ;

Where oaks uprear on high,
Green Titans of the wood,
I gaze in silence on the sky,
And feel that God is good.

Heaven's vault of azure sheen ;
The moon's cerulean clime ;
Earth spread with fields and forests green ;
The crested sea sublime ;—

Comets, that roll in flame,
Where angels never trod,—
Through boundless realms of space proclaim
The wondrous love of God.

Upon thy works we gaze,
A vast infinity,
And cry, amid the wildering blaze,
“ Who is a God like thee ? ”

And when I view thy form,
My Saviour, on the tree ;
And mark the racking, rending storm,
Thy Spirit's agony ;—

The streams thy wounds supply,
That flowed on Calvary ;
Astonished, overwhelm'd,—I cry,
“ Who is a God like thee ? ”

XLVI.

God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise.—HAB. iii. 3.

FROM Teman was thy march, O Holy One !
Far as the shining orbs their courses run ;
The earth resounded with thy deeds of might.

Above thy radiant head,

O'er heaven thy glory spread—

A canopy of flame, a dome of rosy light.

Thy brightness dazzled mortal gaze

With piercing, blinding rays ;

And, issuing from thy right hand came,

Fierce beams of kindling flame.

Red coals of fire flew from thy glowing feet ;

And pestilence on murky pinions fleet ;

Then in thy wrath thou didst divide the land—

The region long decreed

To Abraham's chosen seed.

The trembling mountains saw thy high omnific
Hand ;

And nodding, bowed their shaggy head ;

And Gilead's green hills fled ;

Fear Ethiop's swarthy curtains rent ;

Terror shook Midian's tent.

And wast thou angry with the river's course?
Wast thou displeased with ocean's rolling force?
Against the limpid waters was thy ire?

Thy spear shone like a star,

Emitting flame from far.

Thy chariot came in sight, thy horses winged
with fire.

Grasping thy bow, already bared—

For dreadful deeds prepared,

Onward in thunder thou didst ride ;

Cleaving the Jordan's tide.

The mountains saw, astonished at the sight,

The turbid flood rushed by in wild affright ;

Lifted her suppliant hands and shrieked with
fear.

The sun and moon stood still

On Gibeon's woody hill—

Then fled astonished at thy terror-beaming spear.

Nature, before thy awful eye,

With faint and timid cry,

Confessed, through all her frame, the rod—

The vengeance of her God.

To slaughter Jacob's tribes, on Jordan's shore—

To purple all its billows with their gore—

Fierce, as with rising winds the whirlwind sweeps,

The nations came in ire,

Breathing forth vengeance dire,

They saw thy horses trampling 'mid the watery
heaps ;

They saw and fled ; then through their land
Thou marchedst with thy band—
Wounding their chiefs with deadly thrust,
Crushing their ranks to dust.

Such was thy might, thy saving Arm of old ;
But we to dark captivity are sold.
The coming doom transfixed me like a dart ;
 Anguish with whispered groans,
 Ran thrilling through my bones ;
Pale was my quivering lip, and sick my fainting
 heart.
Oh ! might I sleep within the tomb
Before that day of doom ;
Nor see the devastating band
Destroy my native land.

Should blossom fail the fig-tree, fruit the vine,
The olive drop no more, nor valley shine,
Arrayed in harvest robe, with fields of corn ;
 No stall the oxen keep,
 Nor fold the bleating sheep ;
All swept before the foe, or trampled down in
 scorn ;
The streams all failing ;—I shall drink
At the fountain's brink ;—
Still in my God shall I rejoice,
Still hear His cheering voice.

They come! the captives come!—the scene in
trance
Prophetic I behold; the tribes advance
From Babylon to Zion's chosen hill:
As, on her own high places,
The hind in freedom paces,
And on the mountain ridge derides the hunter's
skill;
So we, in freedom bold, shall tread
These vales, in beauty spread,
Fearless of proud Chaldea's sword:
Our strength is God the Lord.

XLVII.

*O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee
from the wrath to come?—MATT. iii. 7.*

“FLEE from the wrath to come,”
The awful Baptist cried:
His voice rang like the trump of doom,
And rocks and waves replied.

“Ascend the mountain path;
Stay not in all the plain;
Escape ye from the looming wrath—
The red descending rain.

“The day of judgment past,
Still 'tis the wrath to come;
And will unmeasured ages last,
Beyond the day of doom.

“By mercy's open door,
Enter while yet there's room;
Flee to the mountain-hold secure;
Flee from the wrath to come.

“Behold where Salem's spire,
Peers through the nether gloom;
Flee thither, from the flood of fire,
Flee from the wrath to come.”

XLVIII.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.....And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—MATT. iii. 13, 17.

WHEN Jesus left his watery grave,
Ascending from the lucid wave,
John saw the heavens above unfold
With brightness beauteous to behold.

And while the holy, mystic Dove,
Lights on him from the fields above,
A voice the listening ear has won—
“This is my well-beloved Son.”

Behold the morning Star appears,
The mystery of two thousand years,
By time concealed in ebon night,
Emerges to the raptured sight.

This is the woman's promised seed,
By sages sung, by heaven decreed ;
Ordained, when ages dark were fled,
To rise and crush the serpent's head.

The beauteous branch—the branch of God,
Of Jesse's stem, the blooming rod ;
Plant of renown,—whose leaf divine,
With fruit and living lustre shine.

'Mid gazing crowds on Jordan's sands,
'Mid forms unseen—angelic bands,
Thus John bare record from the flood,
And cried, "This is the Son of God."

Thus it behoves, as on we press,
So to fulfil all righteousness ;
Treading the path the Saviour trod,
That leads to glory and to God.

XLIX.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.—MATT. v. 5.

MOURNER, weep thou night and day,
Weep and wash thy sins away ;—
Sins forgotten that arise
In the past before thine eyes.

Mourn the bitter fount within,
Source of every rising sin :
Sins of thought, of word, and deed,
Sins that made the Saviour bleed.

Mourn the law to ill inclin'd,
Warring ceaseless with the mind ;
Mourn that when thou would'st do good,—
Evil comes in like a flood.

Mourn thy faith, so weak and low,
And thy own backslidings know ;
Mourn beneath the chastening rod ;
Weep, and turn again to God.

Soon thy mourning days shall close,
Soon begins the long repose ;—
Past the vale of grief and tears,
Thou shalt tread the vaulted spheres.

No more curse is there, nor death !
Crowns are there of verdant wreath !
Songs of joy, from sorrow free—
Everlasting Jubilee.

L.

After this manner therefore pray ye : Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name, &c.—MATT. vi. 9.

OUR FATHER, Lord, who art in heaven !
All-hallowed be thy Name ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
In earth and heaven the same.

This day, the daily bounty give,
Thy liberal hand bestows ;
Forgive our sins, as we forgive
Our greatest, bitterest foes.

Temptation's path teach us to shun,
Where thoughtless sinners stray ;
Deliver us from th' Evil One—
Secure in wisdom's way.

Let all on earth, and all in heaven,
Thy awful Name adore ;
To Thee be power, be glory given,
Both now and evermore.

LI.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, &c.—MATT. vi. 19.

LAY not up treasures on the earth,
Where moth and rust consume ;—
Splendours of rank, of noble birth,
Extinguish'd in the tomb.

Lay not up stores of golden ray,
Where thieves break through and steal ;—
Seek not a good that glides away,
With time, on rapid wheel.

Set your affections not on things
To chance and changes given :
Riches that soar away on wings,
Like eagles into heaven.

Pursue with ardent, pure desires,
Good that will ne'er decay—
Fairer than morning's mounting fires,
Or evening's purple ray.

Enduring riches seek, that shine—
The saint's immortal prize :
Unsearchable, immense—a mine
Survey'd with wondering eyes ;—

A bliss that knows no breaks or bars,
A pure perennial river ;
Land where the righteous shine as stars,
For ever, and for ever.

LII.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory.—MATT. xii. 20.

By the Word of Heaven it is decreed,
The feeble, bruis'd, wind-shaken reed,
Shall gather strength and become a tree,
Strong as Sirion's cedars be.
The smoking flax break out in flame,
The winds may feed, but cannot tame—
A broad, intense, unconquer'd fire,
Pointing to heaven its ruddy spire.
The little leaven diffus'd shall be ;
The little seed become a tree,
Stretching its branches to the sea—
While flocks repose beneath its shade,
And birds, in bowers by foliage made.
Day of small things, who shall despise ?—
The little stone, unobserv'd, shall rise
A rock gigantic to the skies,
Casting its shadow's sweeping chain
Over the earth and boundless main.

A handful of corn, on the mountain's brow,
 Like fruitful Lebanon shall shew,
 And shake in the wind with thundering,
 As cedars vex'd with tempest's wing—
 A forest's surging, rolling sea,
 Eddying and tossing eternally :
 And thus, by Heaven it is decreed,
 The cause of truth, like atom seed,
 Shall have its beginning small and slow,
 And strike unperceiv'd its root below ;
 And then, at the last, spread forth and rise
 In verdurous pomp, over all the skies.

LIII.

His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—MATT. XXV. 21.

OH ! when shall I hear, with enraptured surprize,
 The voice of approval from yonder blue skies ?
 Oh ! when shall I hear that most musical word,
 “ Well done ! enter thou to the joy of thy Lord.”

No anthem, no air ever woke from the lyres,
 (So charming,) of Seraphs in loud-tuning
 choirs ;

No note so enchants, in all harmony's chord—
 “ Well done ! enter thou to the joy of thy Lord.”

The joy of the Lord fills the temple with light :
Embathed in his splendour all heaven grows
bright;
With tears sweet out-gushing we leap at the
word,
“ Well done ! enter thou to the joy of thy
Lord.”

“ Thou hast followed me fully—most firmly hast
stood,
By my banner in evil report and in good :
Rejoice most exceedingly—great thy reward—
‘ Well done ! enter thou to the joy of thy
Lord.’ ”

Where prophets, and martyrs, and seraphim
meet,
The words of approval, so soothing and sweet,
Roll along through their ranks at the banqueting
board—
“ Well done ! enter thou to the joy of thy
Lord.”

“ Good and faithful in few things on earth thou
hast been,
Thou shalt rule over many, ’mid heaven’s broad
sheen,
While cherubim chant, as they touch the sweet
chord—
‘ Well done ! enter thou to the joy of thy
Lord.’ ”

When ages on ages have rolled out of sight—
Like comets long seen that have plunged into
 night,
Thou shalt hear, sweet as ever, the beautiful
 word,
“Well done! enter thou to the joy of thy
 Lord.”

He will honour thy faith, although feeble its
 flame,—
The labours of love thou hast wrought for His
 Name;
Be thou faithful to death, He will give thee a
 crown
Unfading—a sun that shall never go down.

With a voice of seven thunders, the sentence
 “depart”
Will smite all the wicked with terror of heart;
How welcome, how joyful, will then be the
 word,
“Well done! enter thou to the joy of thy
 Lord.”

LIV.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake : for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.—MATT. xxviii. 2, 3.

AND was thy palace, Lord of Life, the tomb ?—
And didst Thou dwell
Where spreads the shadowy vale its sombre
gloom,—
In this low cell ?

And didst Thou stoop from glory ?—Did'st
Thou sink
In deepest woe,
To lift us from the melancholy brink—
The pit below ?

Death laid Thee, fettered in thy lowly bed—
In Hades' hands ;
Yet long he could not keep Thee with the dead—
In icy bands.

Thou tar'st the iron links that girt Thee round,
Like withes asunder !
Death started, like a giant at the sound,
With fear and wonder.

A beauteous robèd form descended, fleet
As shooting star :
Earth reel'd and trembled underneath His feet,
And groan'd afar.

He roll'd the stone away, and sat in light
Of seraph rays :
Oh ! then, what sunlit splendours issued, bright
As Sinai's blaze.

He comes ! a God—a God in human form !
From heavenly choirs,
Triumphant music rushes forth—a storm
Of pealing lyres.

The everlasting pillars rock and tremble
Amid the sound ;
'Tis Jubilee in heaven, and crowds assemble
From worlds around.

Hosannah ! Hallelujah ! finished, seal'd,
The work divine !
Now, penitent, let all thy woes be heal'd :
For life is thine.

LV.

*He is not here ; for he is risen, as he said. Come,
see the place where the Lord lay.—MATT. xxviii. 6.*

THE Lord is risen ; let angels bring
The news to earth, on eager wing :
He rose with dawn's first dewy ray ;—
Come, see the place where Jesus lay.

He, who our sins and sickness bore,
(A man of sorrows now no more,)
Triumphant rose upon this day ;—
Come, see the place where Jesus lay.

Why seek the living 'mong the dead ?
“ He is not here,” the angel said,
While vivid lightnings round him play ;—
Come, see the place where Jesus lay.

Blest pledge to all thy children dear,
While time shall last, afar or near,—
That they shall rise, and live, and reign
With thee, on heaven's star-sprinkled plain.

Standing upon the open tomb,
While distant sounds the trump of doom,
How will thy wondering eyes survey
The place where long thy ashes lay !

Two blessings, Lord, thy love doth give :
We live to die,—we die to live ;—
So dazzling day wheels into night,
And darkness brings the cheering light.

So gladness comes from brimming tears ;
From winter's grave so spring appears :
That spring, that knows no gathering gloom—
A verdurous ocean's rolling bloom.

LVI.

*And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them,
Sleep on now, and take your rest : it is enough, the hour
is come ; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands
of sinners.—MARK xiv. 41.*

CHILL blew the night winds, as in murmurs deep,
A voice was heard of agony intense ;
“ If it be possible, this bitter cup—
Oh ! let it pass away. Father, thy will,
Not mine, be done.” Beneath the glimmering
faint
Of stars, that wept in dew, stretched on the
ground,
The Saviour lay. Convulsions shook his frame,
As though, at intervals, a dagger pierced
His heart. The dew of blood lay on Him thick,
Whose gathering ruddy drops, by pangs untold,
Expressed, rained frequent on the frosty ground.

Then, by a mighty angel, sent from heaven,
Inspired and strengthened for the coming scene,
He rose, " 'Tis over—all is over—rise !
The hour is come—a sacrifice for sin,
A curse for the accursèd, I shall die.
The hour is come, the dark, the dreaded hour :
The band awaits me, and the traitor's kiss ;
The mockery, spitting, and the cruel scourge ;
The platted crown of thorns, the sceptre-reed,
The cross, the spikes, the bitter cup of gall,
The oozing blood, and lingering, lingering
pains :

The sable-suited sun, the trembling earth,
And timid twilight, looking to the stars,
In mid-day silence—solitude of power—
To whisper deeper loneliness, to pierce
With sense of desolation to the soul.
The lion huge, from his infernal den,
Will ravening, roar upon me ; and the troop
Of unicorns, with fierce and rending horn,
Rush to surround me, foaming in their rage.
More fearful still—a freezing cloud will come
Of horror, darker than the darkest storm,
To hide the smile of heaven—the sweet, serene
Sunshine of joy, and peace ineffable,
For ever beaming from the face of God—
Wherein my soul has bathed for countless
years,
Before this world was hung in nether air,
Or yonder stars were sown o'er infinite heaven.

With pains of hell and darkness compassed
round,
In mire of deepest waters I shall sink.
The hour is come ! victim of wrath divine,
For you I stand, nor will I turn away,
Though floods o'erflow me, and though flames
consume ;
Though anguish, wrath, and rage, affright and
terror
Infinite whelm my soul, in one vast whirlwind.
You have I loved, and to the end *will* love,
With all that shall believe in after times.
To save your lives, so dear, I give my own."

Oh ! matchless grace, He drank the proffered
cup,
Draining to its last drop the nauseous dregs ;
That from our lips his hand might dash away
The cup of trembling. Grace ineffable !
Strike your loud harps, ye Seraphs ; teach them
strains
Unwonted ! Thou, my soul, with grateful grief,
With mingled joy, and weeping penitence,
And holy, stedfast faith, thy Saviour see
Bearing the indignation of the Lord,—
Bath'd in His blood, within the olive shade.

LVII.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.—JOHN iii. 7.

THE heart, to holy beauty dead,
In all the sons of men ;
Why should ye marvel I have said,
“ Ye must be born again ?”

Your robe,—is it not spotted red
With double crimson stain ?
And will ye marvel I have said,
“ Ye must be born again ?”

Can waters, pearly-clear, serene,
Flow from polluted fen ?—
Can one of human birth be clean,
Who is not born again ?

Can sinners dwell with saints above,
Where all is bright and pure,
In holiness, in peace and love—
The joys that aye endure ?

Can two in friendship be allied,
If they are not agreed—
In bonds of converse sweet abide,
Oppos'd in word and deed ?

Unholy,—would ye see the Lord?—
Presumptuous wish and vain!
This the decree, the solemn word:
“Ye must be born again.”

Come from the winds of heaven, oh breath!
And breathe upon the slain:
That myriads, in the land of death,
May rise, and live again.

LVIII.

*And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that
came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in
heaven.*—JOHN iii. 13.

SAY, who shall climb the Polar height—
The temple of the skies;
The holy place, with lustre bright,
Conceal'd from mortal eyes?

Oh! who may tread the crystal pure,
Streaming with primal rays?—
What human vision may endure
The everlasting blaze?

Who, save the eternal Son of God,
(Now fashioned like a man,)
Who reigned in realms, by angels trod,
Ere years and time began.

A glorious Name to Him is given,
Above the brightest name :
The principalities of heaven,
Writ on the rolls of fame.

Sitting on high, at God's right hand,
Amid celestial choirs,
Whose circling ranks, at His command,
Attune their living lyres ;—

Infinite ages He had seen
The tides of bliss arise ;—
Infinite ages He had been
The wonder of the skies.

He has abolish'd death ; His might
From sin has set us free :
Pardon and peace he brought to light,
And immortality.

LIX.

He must increase, but I must decrease.—JOHN iii. 30.

HE must increase !—He must increase !
Lo ! visions fair unfold :
The church appears an eastern queen,
In orient pearl and gold.

He must increase!—He must increase!
Whatever foe withstand;
His cross below, His crown above,
The promised boon demand.

He must increase!—He must increase!
The war, the struggle ends:
Defeat to all the foes of truth,
And victory to her friends!

He must increase!—He must increase!
The dragon's empire fall,
And crimes, and griefs, and errors fly
This renovated ball.

He must increase!—He must increase!
His kingdom fair shall rise,
And spread in glory o'er the earth—
The wonder of our eyes.

He must increase!—He must increase!
He shall the battle win;
The beamy brightness of His face
Consume the Man of Sin.

He must increase!—He must increase!
A forest's spreading fire,
Driven on by all the winds of heaven,
Devouring thorn and brier:

Moslem delusions, Jewish pride,
(From east to western shore,)
And pagan gods, and papal saints,
And pantheistic lore.

Ye princes proud, ye men of might !
Ye kings, confess His sway :
For, if His wrath a little burn.
Ye perish from the way.

Why linger yet His chariot wheels ?—
Why tarries He on high ?
Hark ! hark !—behold, his kindling track:
With light fills all the sky.

All kingdoms now, from shore to shore,
Messiah's realm shall be ;
And He shall reign, for evermore,
In peace and purity.

LX.

*Then said Jesus, Let her alone : against the day of
my burying hath she done this.*—JOHN xii. 7.

LET her alone: her cup o'erflows
With gratitude and love ;
Her joy to holy rapture grows,
Like choristers above.

Let her alone: the open tomb
Is empty of its prey;
And gone the melancholy gloom,
Where late her Lazarus lay.

Sweeter His Name than odorous breath
The liquid balsam gave—
The Lord, the Prince of Life and death,
That wept at Lazarus' grave.

Let her alone: throughout the earth,
This deed of love shall fly:
Her piety, her fame, her worth,
Shall never, never die.

Angels shall pause amid the psalm
That rolls from seraphs' lyres;
To hear, who did the Lord embalm—
The Lord of all their choirs.

While envious souls their memory see
Oblivious rot away,
Her saintly brows shall circled be
With glory's gilding ray.

LXI.

*Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you :
not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your
heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*—JOHN xiv. 27.

“My peace I give you,” Jesus saith :
Not as the world bestows ;
That peace, surviving time and death,
The true disciple knows.

“My peace I give you”—when the flood
Of tribulation rolls :
In patience, faith, and fortitude,
Ye shall possess your souls.

That peace—by human eye unseen—
Transcendent and sublime,
Shall keep your hearts and minds serene
Through all the toils of time.

“My peace I give you,”—foretaste sweet
Of joys that shall be known
In heaven, where all my people meet
Before the sapphire throne.

Calm shall ye be amid your joys,
Upon that awful day ;
When, like a scroll, with mighty noise,
The heavens shall pass away.

And, when you gaze from dizzy steep,
On nature's funeral pyre :
Old Earth huge rolling in the deep—
A vast abyss of fire ;

When in the unfathom'd dark profound—
The pit's abhorrèd shore,
Stern justice bars with grating sound,
The adamantine door ;—

“ Ye children, come—belovèd, true,
(So shall it be proclaim'd,)—
Receive the bliss prepar'd for you
Before the world was framed ;—

“ Before the sun 'gan his career,
Awoke by living lyres ;
Before the moon wheel'd out her sphere,
With its attendant fires.”

LXII.

*To them who, by patient continuance in well-doing,
seek for glory, and honour, and immortality, eternal life.*
—ROM. ii. 7.

STANDING close by Calvary,
Jacob's mystic ladder see,
Sweeping up into the skies :—
Mount and claim the promised prize.

Palm of victory, radiant crown,
Glory, honour, and renown ;
Bands enrobed in spotless white,
In a kingdom out of sight.

Prototype of all we trace
Lovely in earth's dwelling place,
Beauty's spring—primeval fount,
Model shown us in the mount.

City of the living God,
Golden-pavèd, angel-trod ;
Bright, descending from the throne,
Like a living jasper stone.

Joy, in fulness as a river,
Pleasures pure, that flow for ever—
Evermore, at thy right hand,
Antitype of Canaan's land.

Region of the holy Dove ;
Perfect knowledge, perfect love ;
Strength, that will not waste away ;
Youth, that blooms without decay.

Heaven's last bounty—gift of God,
Bought, secured by Jesus' blood ;
Life eternal, boundless sea—
Joyful immortality !

LXIII.

*But God commendeth his love toward us, in that,
while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—ROM. v. 8.*

“CHRIST died for us”—oh! let the theme
Awake our tuneful breath :
“ Christ died for us”—died to redeem
Our race from sin and death.

He took upon Him Abraham’s seed ;
He passed the angels by :
For man, mean as a worm, to bleed ;
For fallen man to die.

Angels, whose features fair display,
Young life’s immortal glow—
“ Christ died for us,” can never say,
With pardoned men below.

Wondrous in knowledge, armed with might,
And raised to bliss supreme ;
Rapid as sailing winds their flight,
Or like a forked flame ;

In woven robes—their white attire,
On thrones of purest gold,
With harps of adamant wire,
That victor wreaths enfold ;

"Christ died for us," *they* cannot say,
Chanting in choral rings ;
"Christ died for us," in solemn lay,
No awful Seraph sings.

Ye sons of men, He died for you :
Uplift the joyful strain—
With rocks, and skies of purple hue,
And ocean's sounding main.

Christ died for you, ye saints !—prolong,
Before the great I AM,
In mingled melody, the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

LXIV.

*The night is far spent, the day is at hand : let us
therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put
on the armour of light.—ROM. xiii. 12.*

THE night's far spent, the day's at hand ;
Put on your armour bright,
That in the palace ye may stand,
Among the sons of light.

Christian, give up thy last account ;
The gifts of life resign :
Lo ! dim descried upon the mount,
Appears the pillared shrine ;

And beacons, lighted near the goal,
Shoot out the level ray ;
And, brighter than the northern pole,
Illume the watery way.

Now pilot, make the nearest shore—
Steer on with compass true :
The long, the stormy voyage o'er,
The harbour full in view.

Abundant entrance shall be given ;
Thy bark, before the gales,
Shall glide into the port of heaven,
With all its flying sails.

The everlasting realm of grace,
Believer, now is thine—
The kingdom of our God, the place
Of splendours all divine.

LXV.

*So then every one of us shall give account of himself
to God.—ROM. xiv. 12.*

To east, to west, on all the winds,
Proclaim the word abroad ;
That for himself, each one of us,
Must give account to God.

For every thought, and word, and deed,
When on earth's path we trod ;
That for himself, each one of us,
Must give account to God.

It comes ! it comes—the day of wrath
Rolls onward like a flood ;
When for himself, each one of us,
Must give account to God.

When all the nations of the earth,
Beholding Him shall mourn ;
The elements around Him rage,
The fires before Him burn.

When He shall come—the just, the pure—
With his attendant throng,
Say, shall thy trembling heart endure ?
And will thy hands be strong ?

Oh ! who shall live when God doth this ?
When nature shall expire ;
When earth sweeps on—a red abyss,
An orb of penal fire.

Upon the cross, the Saviour view ;
Plead His atoning blood ;
For at His bar, each one of you,
Must give account to God.

LXVI.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?—I. COR. xv. 55.

THE trump of doom—the trump of doom,
Resounds o'er ocean's wave;
Wake, ye that slumber in the tomb—
Ye tenants of the grave!

Give up thy dead! give up thy dead!
Thy undisputed prey—
Dark sea, from every oozy bed,
Deep gulph, and winding bay;

From forest wide, from rock and glen,
From many a lonely spot;
By all, but God's omniscient ken,
Unseen, unknown, forgot.

How heaves and bursts! how teems with life!
How groans the astonished earth!
The pangs, the agony, the strife
Of nature's second birth.

And, lo! with one archangel blast,
The twinkling of an eye,
They spring to life, that aye shall last—
They wake, no more to die.

What countless, crowding myriads pour
In thunder o'er the ground—
Innumerable as the waves that roar,
And foam the globe around!—

On! on! a living, moving sea,
O'er hill and plain they spread;
In number, as the sands that be
On ocean's shelving bed.

Lo! 'mid encircling orbs the King,
Upon the judgment seat,
While death, with quivering dragon-sting,
Expires, beneath His feet.

Behold!—the last, the mightiest foe,
The victor proud is slain:
Angels! your lifted cornets blow †
O'er all the beamy plain;

And Salem, from thy forest-throng,
Of everlasting spires,
Send up the loud, tumultuous song,
Of myriad-voicèd choirs.

Ye conscious stars, in glowing pride,
Dart forth your diamond rays;
And onward roll the swelling tide—
The jubilee of praise.

† I. CHRON. xv. 23.

In songs of choral harmony,
Let saints triumphant sing ;
“ Oh grave ! where is thy victory ?
Oh ! death ! where is thy sting ? ”

LXVII.

Finally, brethren, farewell.—II. COR. xiii. 11.

FAREWELL ! ye excellent of earth,
The children of the light,
Partakers of the heavenly birth,
In whom is my delight.

Farewell ! with you I taste no more
The mystic bread and wine ;
Nor bowing low with you adore,
Or read the Book divine.

Farewell ! ye sacred courts serene,
Which I have often trod—
The temple fair, where I have seen
The beauty of my God.

Let holy love His odours spread,
Within the sacred place ;
And over all the Spirit shed
The copious dews of grace.

Farewell ! be perfect, live in peace,
The Saviour glorify,
Till death shall grant you a release,
To realms beyond the sky.

LXVIII.

*For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of
our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven
and earth is named.—EPH. iii. 14, 15.*

BEHOLD the glorious church of God,
Wash'd in Siloa's fountain flood :
To Jesus by the Father giv'n—
The family in earth and heaven.

Souls born again, in whom we trace,
Distinct, the Saviour's beaming face ;
Redeemed, adopted, and forgiven—
The family in earth and heaven.

The men that know and fear the Lord,
That commune with Him in His Word ;
From every false reliance driv'n—
The family in earth and heaven.

Accepted in Immanuel's Name ;
Baptiz'd in purifying flame ;
From pride delivered (curs'd leaven) !—
The family in earth and heaven.

The race, who turning from the world—
Its glittering banners all unfurl'd,
To glorify His Name have striven—
The family in earth and heaven.

Engrafted on the living Vine,
Their virtues and their graces shine :
Fruits by the blessed Spirit given,
The family in earth and heaven.

By creeds, by forms—all unconfin'd ;
Of noble, of expansive mind :
From bigotry and party riven—
The family in earth and heaven.

No master, save the risen Lord ;
No Bible, but the written word ;
The prophets, the inspir'd eleven—
The family in earth and heaven.

To them array'd in garments white,
(Fair sons and daughters in his sight,)
Garlands of glory shall be given—
The family in earth and heaven.

LXIX.

For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.—COR. iii. 3.

My heritage is hid in light,
Where all the faithful reign ;
Beyond the reach of mortal sight—
On heaven's empurpled plain.

There cease the jarring notes that ring—
The notes of war and strife ;
And wells of living waters spring
To everlasting life.

The holy, heavenly temple-shrine,
Where blossom'd Aaron's rod :
High wall'd—a paradise divine,
Hidden with Christ in God.

My country, treasure, kingdom, home,
Inheritance on high ;
A weary exile here I roam,
And breathe for thee a sigh.

Yet faith shall look within the veil,
And hope the billows sweep,
With all her canvass to the gale—
An eagle on the deep.

On Pisgah's summit I would tread,
And view with tranced sight—
Where Lebanon lifts up his head,
And Carmel sleeps in light ;—

Where dim appears the shining band,
And towers of opal rise :
A cloudland city, dreamy, grand,—
A vision in the skies :

There, prophets, priests, and saints have met,
A multitude unknown ;
With Christ, in heavenly places set,
Before the living throne :

Thither my strong affections rise,
And point their upward fires ;
The goal of hope, the glittering prize—
The crown of my desires.

LXX.

And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come.—I. THESS. i. 10.

THE trumpet shall their slumbers break—
The shout of God on high ;
Then all the dead in Christ, shall wake
To meet Him in the sky ;—

To meet Messiah in the air,
 (By all the Church ador'd):
So, shall we be in regions fair,
 For ever with the Lord.—

For *ever* with the Lord!—no shade,
 No darkness there shall be!
No brightness tarnish—beauty fade,
 Through all eternity.

For ever with the Lord!—Oh how
 These wondering eyes shall gaze,
Where myriad saints before Him bow,
 And pour the tide of praise!

For ever!—wondrous, vast, untold;
 Oh! who may grasp the theme?
Cycles, in epicycles roll'd,
 Of years—a dazzling dream.

A weight of glory on the shore,
 Of yonder orb supernal!—
Surpassing human thought: “far more
 Exceeding and eternal.”

Beyond this desert dark and mild—
 The peerless realms of day:
An heritage, pure, undefil'd,
 That cannot waste away.

LXXI.

*For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that
appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.—*
JAMES iv. 14.

WHAT is your life?—a vapour light,
That hangs a little space in sight;
Then, in the sun's ascending ray,
Dissolves, and vanishes away.

What is your life?—in summer days,
An iris melting while you gaze;
A banner'd meteor on the skies;
A flower that buds, and blooms, and dies:

An eagle, hasting to the prey;
A dolphin, darting on his way;
A shadow, passing o'er the plain;
A wind, that cometh not again.

What is your life?—a pageant-show;
An arrow bounding from the bow;
A wafted, rolling thistle-down—
Sailing in air, in autumn brown.

What is your life?—on spiral grass
A dew-drop glittering as you pass;
A rose-blush on the western steep,
When Sol has sunk below the deep:

A bubble bursting, when it seems
A rainbow in the solar beams ;
A rubied blossom, from a tree
Shook down by ruthless destiny.

What is your life ?—the morning dream
That flies before Aurora's beam ;
A tale that's told ; an hireling's day ;
The foam of ocean's dashing spray.

What is your life ?—a dying taper ;
A feathery snow-wreath ; frozen vapour ;
The falling star of silent night ;
A condor, sailing out of sight :

A weaver's shuttle, swiftly gliding ;
A rapid keel, the waves dividing ;
On lake serene, a liquid ring ;
The shadow of a swallow's wing :

Blue lightning, flying 'fore the wind ;
A thought that glances through the mind ;
A mounting spark—a breath—a span ;—
A *nothing* is the life of man.*

Where are the famous men of old,
Of whom such wonders have been told ?
Have not the fathers crossed the river ?
The prophets, do they live for ever ?

* Psalm xxxix.

Why doth the tyrant hold in trust
The righteous, doomed to worms and dust ?
How short my time is—(nature's reign,)
“ Why hast thou made all men in vain ? ”

“ Is it in vain,” a voice replies,
“ To gain a seat in paradise ?
By discipline of mercy's rod,
Perfect in all the will of God !

“ To purge your sight in Siloa's fount ?
To tread the road to Zion's mount ?
To gain the goodly crown and palm ?
And chant heaven's solemn, saintly psalm ?

“ Say, doth the cedar grow in vain,
Through frost and fire, through storm and
rain ;
Reaching at length, the azure height—
Bathing in yon purpureal light ?

“ Life was designed, by heaven's decree,
The seed-time of eternity,
Perfect their bliss, without alloy :
They sowed in tears, they reap in joy.

“ Press eager on, with holy strife ;
Lay hold upon eternal life ;
No more, let murmuring lips complain,
“ Why hast thou made all men in vain ? ”

LXXII.

Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator.—I PET. iv. 19.

Creator ! gracious Lord—
The God of Love !
Being's eternal fount, adored
In worlds above.

Thy hands have fashioned me,
A wondrous frame ;
Thy breath of fire infused this free,
Ethereal frame.

Thou pouredst on my head
Transcendent dowers ;
A glory round me thou hadst shed—
Immortal powers.

How cheering is the thought,
That I am thine !
A work, in fear and wonder wrought,
By Hands divine.

Disown me not, O Sun
Of perfect day—
Eternal orb of light, whence shone
This mental ray.

When troubles round me close,
Thy wings outspread ;
And on thy breast let me repose
My weary head.

Oh ! let thy love endure
For evermore :
A sea of waters, limpid, pure,
Without a shore.

LXXIII.

*Beloved, now are we the sons of God ; and it doth
not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when
he shall appear, we shall be like him : for we shall see
him as he is.—I. JOHN iii. 2.*

WHAT love the Father hath bestow'd !—
(Deep love that in His bosom glow'd,)
That we should princely garments wear,
That we should be his children dear :
The sons and daughters of the Lord,—
God the almighty, high ador'd.
E'en now, are we the sons of God,
And “Abba Father” cry ; and own the chas-
tening rod.

We know not what (on yonder shore)
We shall be, when to heaven we soar ;
What faculties, from torpid gloom,
Like spring-tide flowers, shall bud and bloom ;
What knowledge shall transport the soul—
Winging its flight from pole to pole.
We know (as yet untried the bliss !)
That we shall be like Him, and see Him as He is.

Conscious no more of hateful sin,
The law divine engrav'd within,
In all His graces having part—
His features stamp'd upon the heart ;
Chang'd, in a moment, while we gaze
Upon the beatific blaze.
(Oh ! bliss untold, beyond degree !)
We shall His image bear, to all eternity.

LXXIV.

*And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness,
and the first-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the
kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed
us from our sins in his own blood.—REV. i. 5.*

LET angels sing His fame afar,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor :
The anointed Sovereign, Zion's head,
The first-begotten of the dead.

A Name in heaven, 'bove every name,
Writ in the chronicles of fame :
With triple crown upon His head—
The first-begotten of the dead.

Cherubic warriors round Him wait—
The blessed, only potentate ;
Beauty upon His lips is shed—
The first-begotten of the dead.

Ring out His Name, on lyric chords :
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords !
The Lamb, that once for sinners bled ;
The first-begotten of the dead.

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone—
Seated upon the judgment throne :
A symbol to the Church,—a sign
They too shall wake by power divine.

Pledge of the harvest in the skies,
When all that sleep in Jesus rise
To reign with Him, their risen Head—
The first-begotten of the dead.

The archangel's trumpet rends the spheres ;
The shout is heard, the God appears ;
Myriads emerge that slept in dust—
The resurrection of the just.

LXXV.

*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power,
and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and
glory, and blessing, &c.—REV. v. 12.*

Lo ! our Emanuel, God and man ;
The Prince, the Lord of glory view :
Sitting beneath the rainbow's span—
An arch sublime of emerald hue.

Listen ! what hallelujah's rise,
Like to the stormy, sounding main ;
Or rolling thunders of the skies—
“ Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.”

Ten thousand, twice ten thousand told,
A thousand thousand voices sing ;
(Heaven's pillared arches, burning gold,
With ever pealing echoes ring.)

“ Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
From every continent and main ;
And made us kings and priests to God,
With thee for evermore to reign.”

And every creature in the sky,
Below the earth—in air and sea,
I heard, with myriad voices cry,
In everlasting jubilee—

“Salvation, glory, honour, power,
Dominion, riches, wisdom, might,
Ascribe to Him for evermore—
Through all the boundless realms of light.”

LXXVI.

*And one of the elders answered, saying unto me,
What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and
whence came they? &c.—REV. vii. 13.*

Lo! where in jasper brightness stands,
Revealed to mortal eyes,
The city fair, not made with hands,
Eternal in the skies;

Of seraphim the high abode—
That opal towers adorn;
Or, as the ancient city glowed,
Seen in the rising morn—

Whose restless splendours, (many a jet,)
Shot shafts of bickering fire;
With stars of liquid lustre set
On pinnacle and spire.

The perfect spirits of the just,
Recovered from the fall,
There dwell, innumerable as the dust,
With God, the judge of all.

And theirs the overwhelming bliss ;
How rapturous ! how profound !
To see the Saviour as He is,
With all His glory crowned.

The great, the good of every land ;
The men of noble mind :
A kingly, priestly, sacred band—
The elect of all mankind.

Apostles, martyrs ; seer and sage ;
And Zion's bards of old ;
The sons of God, of every age—
Precious as fined gold.

Parents and children, long deceased,
And " pass'd into the skies ;"
Lover and friend, by death released,
Restored to longing eyes.

Spirits that lingered here awhile,
And trod this troubled scene ;
Looking to heaven with patient smile,
And hope's triumphant mien.

They sowed the seeds of faith with sighs—
With tears of doubtful strife :
They reap the harvest in the skies,
Of everlasting life.

The long, the fiery trial past,
 'Mid woes of every name,
Their righteousness came forth at last—
 The brightness of a flame.

The battle fought, the victory won ;
 The toil, the struggle o'er ;
The ship, (her long sea-voyage done,)
 Safe moor'd upon the shore.

What tongue can tell the mighty bliss,
 Vast as infinity ;
The greetings, the festivities,
 Of Salem's Jubilee ?—

Of spirits, proved and purified,
 The goal—the resting place ;—
Thither they gather, far and wide,
 From all the bounds of space.

Their period of probation o'er,
 Confirmed in purity :
So rivers, which have reached the shore,
 Fall in the sounding sea.

(Evanished combat, care and coil,)—
 A rest how passing sweet !
From seas of melancholy toil,
 A harbour's calm retreat.

A sweet release, a perfect peace,
An everlasting rest ;
Repose, where sins and sorrows cease,
Upon the Saviour's breast.

The Lamb, amidst the throne, shall feed
His flock where lilies blow ;
Where pastures spread along the mead,
And living fountains flow.

Nor death, nor pains, nor boding fears,
For evermore shall rise ;
And God shall wipe away the tears
Of sorrow from their eyes.

No thorn to wound, with pungent pain,
Keen as an adder's dart ;
No guilt, no sin's uncanceled stain ;
No plague-spot on the heart.

No thought of pilgrim, sad, benighted,
When shadows gather fast ;
No blossomed tree of hope, sore blighted
In disappointment's blast.

The scene of virtue's high career ;
Of truth unmixed, refined ;
Of knowledge, shining in the clear,
Full daylight of the mind.

A land, resplendent, peerless, lone—
A fair, unfading clime ;
Boundless, unutterable, unknown—
A starry height sublime.

The pinnacle of bliss supreme,
Creation's crowning grace ;
The palaces of God, that beam
Afar through realms of space.

The city, in whose golden street
Walk shining ones in white ;
Where gathering streams of splendour meet,
A mingled sea of light.

The centre of the universe—
The great metropolis ;
What tongue of angel can rehearse
Thy glory—seat of bliss !

The enchantments of a poet's dream,
Warbled in lyric hymn :
All sunny things that peerless seem,
To Thee, are dark and dim.

Land of a thousand thousand hills,
Crowned with the harping choirs ;
Land whose loud ocean-music fills
With pure, seraphic fires.

God's high and holy dwelling place—
The throne in light ensphered :
Above the peopled realms of space,
On burning pillars reared :

A sea of glass, a limpid flood,
With intermingled flames ;
There seraphs walk—the sons of God,
In robes of woven beams.

A land, unseen by longing eyes,
That rove the silent sky ;
A buried star, a veiled prize,
Immeasurably high.

Oh ! land of wonders ! land of joys !
The new Jerusalem !
Thy praise a thousand tongues employs—
Creation's diadem !

LXXVII.

*I am the root and the offspring of David, and the
bright and morning star.*—REV. xxii. 16.

SHINE forth ! oh bright and beauteous star,
Through veils of ether blue ;
Above yon level, purple bar
Of rosy hue :
While morning spreads around the di'mond dew.

Pure, trembling star of crystal gold !—
By ancient harping seers
Thy joyful coming was foretold
Four thousand years :
While angels listen'd from their rolling spheres.

Shine forth ! oh bright and morning star,
From out thy secret shrine ;
And, through the darkness send them far,
Thy beams divine :
Till all the earth with living lustre shine.

Arise ! serene and lovely star,
The world from war release,
And bring Emanuel in His car—
The Prince of Peace :
Till garments roll'd in blood,—and carnage cease.

Arise in death ! oh morning star !
Yield me the guiding ray,
That points the path to mansions fair,
Of perfect day :
A kingdom which shall never know decay.

I'll give to *Him*, the morning star,
Who doth my sceptre own ;
He shall with me the glory share,
Upon my throne :
Mid splendours now to mortal eyes unknown.

Sacred Sonnets.



SACRED SONNETS.

I.

SUNDAY.

'Tis Sabbath!—season blest of short repose,
Life's breathing time,—delightful solemn pause
In man's too giddy days, that sweetly draws
Our thoughts where bliss, the plant of Eden,
blows!

The day of triumph when the Saviour rose!
Echo of immortality—the cause
Of hopes ineffable, whose happy laws
Mature the soul for time's momentous close.

'Mid barren sands, oasis green and calm!
To way-worn pilgrim, fountain falling near,
With cooling sound 'neath canopy of palm!
Vision of glory, distant, seen, and clear;
Or spherul music to the listening ear,
Rolling through heaven some loud angelic psalm.

II.

THE CENTURION.

As wondering long, I looked upon that face
Where meekness marked with agony was seen ;
The sun rolled by with undiminished sheen :
Now pall of raven darkness ends His race ;
Dim forms on Calvary, I scarcely trace,
Gazing in silence on the deepening scene.
A dread eclipse upon the sky has been,
And rocking earth is reeling from her place !

Oh ! how those thorn-environed temples bleed !
Hark ! rending rocks burst on the distant wave,
And heaven's tall pillars tremble like a reed !
The paly-dead, emerging from the grave,
Glide through the gloom amazed at the deed :
The death of Him, who came mankind to save !

III.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

Oh! who shall speak thy love, my Saviour God!
I saw the mystic Tree, whose verdant shoot,
And veined leaf, half hid the gushing fruit;
Its boughs umbrageous, spread where angels trod.
Crisp amaranthine moss adorn'd the sod
Below, where flourish'd plants of healing root;
And notes of music fell from many a lute:
I long'd to reach the branch of Jesse's rod!

A flaming sword appear'd, (appalling, dread,
Pointing its spiry vengeance like a dart!
When lo! the vision in a moment fled,
And, in my ear, these accents 'gan to quiver:
The brand is quenched in my bleeding heart;
Go, gather now the fruit, and live for ever.

IV

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

WHERE doth He dwell—the awful Power
supreme?

I'th' stars? those throbbing pulses of the sky?
Or glides He in the lucid solar beam?
On broad cherubic pinions does He fly,
Uplift on wheels full dreadful to descry?
Those myriad suns, and splendours, do they
seem

The dust beneath His footstool? Or, on high,
Is He enthroned where quivering lightnings
gleam?

While thunders rock the firmamental seat,
And spherul lights play round the nightly pole,
Oh! where is mercy's leafy, calm retreat?
Where is the power that makes the sinner whole?
Dwells He where sunsets glow—where planets
roll?

No! in the word He speaks—a stilly voice and
sweet.

V.

HEAVEN.

Oh! what is Heaven, where all men wish to go?
Oh! what is heaven—abode of infant minds,
Swept off like leaves when wintry whirlwinds
blow?

Oh! what is Heaven, where endless glory shines,
Beyond this starry, empyrean show?
What is the Heaven we look for in the years,
When sorrow makest this world a place of tears?
Oh! what is Heaven, unseen by men below?

The new Jerusalem with crystal wall;
The choir innumerable of angels bright;
The ransomed church—the firstborn sons of
light,
Enrolled above; and God the judge of all;
The just made perfect, rescued from the fall;
The Mediator, clad in “raiment glist’ring white.”*

* Luke ix. 29.

VI.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

OH ! city fair—magnificent, and lone !
(A solid jasper set in burning beams,)
Within whose walls, a thousand voicèd streams
Leap out as lucid as a crystal stone—
Unfold thy gates sublime, to music's tone,
Like opening morn before Hyperion flames,
Disclosing visions like a prophet's dream,
Or gorgeous opal towers in Patmos shewn.

Thou art the city of the living God !—
By powers and princes—by archangels trod ;
The diadem of beauty—goal of bliss !
All souls, by grace prepar'd, in shining bands,
Do meet in thee—and clap triumphant hands—
Creation's centre, crown, her proud metropolis !

VII.

THE SPRING.

WHAT mighty energies are now at work,
In bank, and bower, and daisy-sheeted dale !
In grassy nooks, where piping linnets lurk,
And primrose woodside, warded from the hail !
What floral forms ! what odours on the gale !
How fresh the moor, the mountain solitude !
What insect warriors, clad in burnished mail,
Jewelled and gemmed, with every dye embued !

'Tis joyous Spring ! the face of earth renew'd—
A flood of rolling beauty life-endued,
Unbounded affluence, teeming o'er the earth.
Such was the scene, when all the morning stars
Shouted for joy in sun-illumined cars ;
To view the young creation's wondrous birth !

VIII.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

A STORM was heard—a windy tempest dire,†
Which overturn'd the rocks with hideous roar.
It past :—God was not in the whirlwind choir.
The solid earth then heav'd up from its core :
I look'd—the heaving earthquake was no more ;
Then lances long, leapt out with vivid spire,
Soon spreading to a sea of burning ore :
Jehovah was not in the raging fire !

Not in the whirlwind's rocking, rending ire !
Not in the buried earthquake's booming sound !
Not in the flaming sky-illumin'd pyre,
I heard a voice from yonder silent mound :
A still, small liquid voice, soft as a lyre,
And bow'd me low—obeisant to the ground.

† I Kings xix. 11, 13.

Elegiac Sonnets.

ELEGIAC SONNETS.

I.

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR OF THE "ODE TO THE
PASSIONS."

POETIC COLLINS!—fancy's fire-eyed child,
Pale was thy look, thy charming lyre unstrung;
The sympathetic Muses, mournful, clung
Around thy wasted figure, wan and mild.
For passion's shadowy tribes unearthly, wild,
Upon thy dulcet lutions oft have hung;
Until, unbidden, they have come, and flung
Delusive terrors over thee beguil'd.

At length, religion came, in seraph bloom;
The torch of truth was in her lifted hand—
Whose welcome light dispell'd the ghastly band,
Showing a lucid path across the gloom,
The path that leads to realms beyond the tomb—
A valley green, by gales celestial fann'd.

II.

COWPER'S DEATH.

YOUR tears, ye generous sons of pity, shed
O'er Cowper, victim of despair. Behold !
The sorrows huge of death around him roll'd ;
Before his face the burning lake outspread.
A doomèd one, by destiny enroll'd
Upon the iron leaf, the book of dread !
All hope for him—all hope for ever fled !
Decreed to pangs ineffable, untold !

Now on the fair confines of blissful light,
He lies, in utter hopelessness forlorn ;
And now, gone as a dream, that dreadful night,
He hails, triumphant, Eden's opening morn ;
To earth he turns one look of wonder born,
Then mingles with the flames of kindred spirits
bright.

III.

TO TASSO IN PRISON.

UNHAPPY bard ! who would not weep with thee ?
Thy star-robed muse sends forth her offspring
fair,

From grated prison glooms, as from the lair
Of winter comes the spring in youthful glee.
The trump that sounds thy fame, the ample sea,
And echoing Alps have heard—while beauty
rare,

Wisdom and wit thy rising worth declare
In princely hall and proud academy.

Unhappy bard ! that music full and free,
Thou knowest not ; but sounds of hateful care—
The wearying, soulless whine of idiocy ;*
Blood-curdling shrieks, and demon-yells that tear
And vex the wounded ear. Oh ! couldst thou
see

Bright heaven, and feel the fresh and fanning
air !

* Tasso was confined in an asylum of mad people, where he wrote some of his sweetest poetry.

IV.

TO TASSO, LIBERATED FROM PRISON.

TASSO is free—is free—my bonds are broke !
The prison door flew open to the light ;
All things appear in forms of gladness dight ;
Never such sweetness did my heart provoke.
How soft the winds to yonder poplars spoke !
How calm those clouds—repose of fleecy white !
The pall of darkness rent by sudden stroke,
All paradise comes rushing on my sight !

These last revolvèd years to fancy seem,
In life's mysterious maze—a frightful dream,
A dream of Erebus, and midnight born !
Lo ! now, (night past,) the blushing opal morn !
Me Lord ! hast thou illumed with mercy's beam,
And visited my spirit, anguish-torn.

V.

TASSO'S DREAM.

[Tasso went to Rome for the purpose of being crowned first of the Italian poets of his time. The honour was to have been awarded him in the most public manner. A few days before the appointed time he was taken ill and died.]

OH, Tasso ! Tasso ! fate pursues thee still.
Methought, I saw descend the Muses bright,
With laurel in their hand, in angel light ;
Sweet love to Tasso seem'd their eyes to fill ;
Upleap'd my heart, beholding their good-will !
The chaplet touch'd my temples—horrid sight !
Darkness came over me, terror and affright :—
A monster tore the wreath, intent to kill.

Prediction true !—for, from this sickly room,
I ne'er shall go ;—all earthly good is fled.
My woven bays shall wither on my tomb ;
Cypress and yew imbrown my lowly bed.
Oh ! be it mine, with crownèd saints, to tread,
Where garlands grow of never blighted bloom.

VI.

TO B——, OF TURVEY,

On hearing of his Death.

AND thou hast left the body, once thy tomb—
The link that bound thy spirit to the clay !
The moonless night, the melancholy day,
No longer (favoured one) shall be thy doom.
Full often, to and fro thou trod'st the room
Of sickness,—sport of hope's delusive sway,
That rose and fell, like ocean waves at play ;
While on thy cheek appear'd a spot of burning
bloom.

No more, shall thorn of anguish pierce thy side ;
Temptation, sorrow, sin, thy peace molest.
Thy bark has bounded o'er the swelling tide,
And calm repose is thine on Abram's breast.
Glory to Him, who bled for thee and died—
Who won for thee thy Paradisal rest !

VII.

TO THE SAME.

YES! thou hast quit the abodes of flesh and blood,
Hast turned thy back on all the coasts of night;
And now, in glistering robes—cœrulean dight,
Thou tread'st the sea of glass—the lucid flood,
Where angels, wingèd messengers of good—
The morning stars—the youthful sons of light,
Numerous as trees of some wide-spreading wood,
Have hailed thee, conquerer, from the fields of
fight.

Upborne, on seraph pinions, let me fly!
My last end be like thine;—oh, let me dwell
With all the just, above the marble sky—
Unmeasur'd leagues beyond this lowly dell,
Where Eden stretches to the wondering eye
Her mazy meads of golden Asphodel.

VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF E. S.*

HERE, like a comely plant, she lately grew,
That in the sun-light glows the live-long hours,
Ere while rejoicing in the spring-tide showers,
Or bath'd and dripping in the cooling dew.
With her, all things have lost their pleasant hue:
The field, where she was wont to gather flow ers;
The garden, with its honeysuckle bowers ; —
All things surround that bring her form to view.

A gloom is gathering o'er them, deep and dark,
Which yieldeth not to hope's inspiring ray :
The voice that cheered us like the matin lark,
That sings, suspended over meadows gay,
Along these silent walks has died away ;
And joy has vanished like a fallen spark.

* This and the seven following were written on the occasion of the death of the author's daughter, aged only two years and nine months.

IX.

ONE gentle sign, and then she took her flight
To worlds unknown, array'd in angel vest—
The land where, crown'd with palm, the righteous
rest—

The region bath'd in uncreated light.

I heard a voice, from Heaven proclaiming:—

“ write,

Happy the dead that die in Jesus ;” blest
Supremely, leaning on the Saviour's breast—
The circling arms of everlasting might !

Forth from my ark, a pure and spotless dove,
She past through skies serene to yonder shore :
Another reason have I now to love
This barren world the less, and heaven the more.
Set thy affections then on things above,
Where sits the anointed Lord, whom all the
saints adore.

X.

Lost?—No, I have not lost her: she is fled.
The tomb in silence holds her little frame,
And long *will* hold in triumph; and the flame—
The current warm of life is vanishèd.
I have not lost her!—only let me shed
This mortal coil, (the weeds of woe and shame:)
Her filial form I instantly should claim,
Among the blest, with glory garmentèd.

She is not lost!—say rather, she is found:
A surging gale of lyrist's, clad in white,
Have welcom'd her arrival;—still the sound
Lingers and echoes 'mid the hills of light.
Lo! where she sits, with palmy garland crown'd,
Heaven's freedom charter'd on her brow star-
bright.

XI.

YES, dearest ! happier far thy lot than son
Or daughter knows. Within the veil, a place
To thee is giv'n before thy Father's face—
An everlasting name. There shalt thou run
Thy high career—immortal. When the sun,
With giant groan, shall sink and end his race
And time shall drop his throne-destroying mace,
Then, then thy course serene is but begun.

And can I wish thee in this vale of tears,
Wandering where weeds, where thorns and
thistles grow,
Excluded from those fair crystalline spheres,
At God's right hand, where pleasures ever flow,
That, during these my few remaining years,
My path thou may'st illume ?—Love answers,
No !

XII.

OH ! vine that, with luxuriant arms, around
My window mantlest—hanging to the view
Thy tassels clear and dense of topaz hue !
Sere sallow is thy leaf that strews the ground,
And mournful to my heart its falling sound !
When autumn last his robe of saffron threw
Over thy branches, to his purpose true,
Stern death, the monarch in his fetters bound.

The angel of my life ! Therefore, each year
Most sorrowful is thy vermilion leaf ;
For then I see her labouring breath, and hear
Her voice in vain soliciting relief :
With throbbing pulse and unrepressed tear,
We turn'd aside nigh chok'd with swelling grief.

XIII.

Is death but freedom from the body's smart
And thrall? Do our belovèd ones still tread
This lower vale—attend our path and bed—
And visit us unseen—unseen depart?
When heavy sorrow presses on the heart,
Do former friends, by old affection led,
With comfort pillow up the drooping head,
Or turn aside temptation's fatal dart?

The dream (if dream it is) how soothing, sweet!
Inspiring hope, and peace, and purity.
Eliza, dear! though vacant be thy seat,
Thy filial form though I no longer see,
Methinks thou comest oft on pinions fleet—
The seraph plumes of immortality.

XIV.

GLOOM on its brow, encircled with a ring—
A troop of shadowy spectres comes the day.
Ye closing mists, prevent the opening ray !
Thou sun ! forbear thy golden locks to fling
In transient glimpses ; cheerful birds that sing
In lonely forest, silent be your lay !
Her song of sadness let the owl essay ;
And boding raven of the sooty wing.

With its uncurtain'd dawn she breath'd her last,
My dear Eliza. Her the fields lament :
This foliage brown, which woods and winds have
cast,
But to repeat my sighs meseems is sent.
Thou sighest not : thy day of trial past,
Thou tread'st serene yon' molten firmament.

XV.

NARROW and dark thy house ! thy head is low ;
And dim the eye where filial love did beam ;
Silent thy tongue ; and cheeks that used to seem
As full-blown roses, ashy paleness shew.
And while returning springs their blossomsthrow
Around thy tomb, successive mornings gleam,
Nights darken, and the years with wonders team,
Unconscious thou shalt sweetly rest below.

But thou shalt rise again : His eye that wakes
To view the living watches o'er thy clay ;
That voice shall rouse thee which all nature
shakes ;
And on this spot shalt thou, in white array,
(While fair the resurrection morning breaks,)
Outstretch thy purple plumes and soar away !

LINES

TO THE TEACHERS OF A SABBATH SCHOOL—ADDRESSED TO THEM AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

(Inserted in this volume in compliance with the earnest wish of several of the Author's friends at Olney.)—ED.

PROUD laurel wreathes the living warrior's head,
And fame, reclining on his tomb, when dead,
Sounds forth her trumpet, while the minstrel
sweeps

His chords to deeds, o'er which sweet mercy
weeps.

These dreadful themes I leave, and wake the lyre
To achievements worthy of poetic fire.

Hail! Sabbath School Instructors, humble band,
To children, like the Saviour, gentle, bland ;
Friends of the poor, and guides of youthful age ;
Philanthropists, whose zealous efforts wage
Perpetual war with ignorance and sin ;
Resolv'd, in social league conjoin'd to win,
Not tatter'd banner, cannon, broken spear,
But deathless trophies — youthful, precious,
dear,—

To you I sing, although unknown to fame,
And history ne'er may write in brass your name.
Unknown! Enough His grace to you be giv'n,
Whose smile is glory, and whose praise is heaven.

Not in the rich parterre of flowers alone
Is beauty's haunt : in hidden dell unknown,
Invisible save to the linnet's eye,
The sweetest plants spring up, and bloom, and
die.

Fam'd is the palace proud, the antique tower ?—
Behold yon cot, far from the pride of power,
That smiles, entwin'd with rose and woodbine
blown ;

Yes, it hath loveliness, although unknown.
Unknown ! ye give the key which can unfold
The temple gates of knowledge, where unroll'd
Slumber the spoils of time—the golden store
Of coffers pregnant with a nation's lore.
The key which can unlock the immortal fane,
Whose awful sounds swell on the ravish'd ear,
Whose visions rapturous to *their* eyes appear—
The few that listening in the porch remain.
Those lofty steps unguided, who can reach ?
Alas ! the wandering crowds whom none will
teach !

Forlorn the child, who roams this desert wide,
Untaught the sacred page, without a guide ;
Or none, save chance and passion ! all unseen
The snare—the pit conceal'd with branches
green ;

All unsuspected, flattery's oily tongue,
And, understood too late, the Syren's song :
Become a man, (if man he may be nam'd,
Who has the form—his mind debased and
maim'd).

Or, like a garden fill'd with briars and reeds,
And gadding wild flowers, peeping through the
weeds :

Retreat of every vile and noxious thing,
That spits its venom, or that draws its sting.)
The lip obscene, the frequent oath—foul pair!—
Anger, like wild beast, fierce and vacant stare,
Proclaim him Christian savage : toping beer
Till midnight, ballad singing loud and clear ;
At home, with beechen staff maintaining rule,
As if his darling spouse were ass or mule ;
Poaching till morning, idling all the day ;
Too weak to work—an Hercules at play ;
Sworn enemy of concord—friend of strife ;
Plague of the parish, torment of his wife ;—
'Tis so in sin he lives, and shuts his eyes,
Prefers the darkness, and in terror dies.
Haste ye !—e'er vice the damning die has cast
On childhood—e'er the fatal bourne be past.
Haste ! snatch the tender plant, before the root
Be canker'd, or the bleak wind kill the fruit.
Haste ! plant it in the field the Lord has blest,
Where gales of Zion breathe, and dews of
Hermon rest.

The voice, "None careth for my soul!" was
heard ;

Ye came, ye bade them know the Holy Word.
To the dear ties, that hold in bondage sweet
The tender heart—those chords of music meet
For heaven-born souls—thus have ye added one.
And shall the intercourse, so well begun,

Cease with your labours ? can ye e'er forget
The child ye oft have taught,—ye here have
met—

With pious prayer, and meek instructing tongue,
And artless hymn by infant voices sung ?
And, mid their sweetest recollections too,
Will not the friendly teacher rise to view ?
Years may roll on, and tear-eyed sorrow send ;
Scenes change—joys die—the grave hide every
friend ;

But ne'er from memory's reverted eye
Will fade the green and sunny spots that lie
Around the Sabbath School:—no, they can
never die.

“ Let blessings on his hoary head increase,
That led me where my woes began to cease—
The ways of pleasantness, the paths of peace ! ”
But hark ! methinks, far on the eternal shore,
An awful note begins, with sullen roar
Passing the unknown gulph—a solemn breath
Murmurs, “ Another year expires in death.”
Once more it calls, “ Awake to righteousness ! ”
With diligence, redoubled, shall ye bless
Your infant charge ; nor seek alone
To keep another's vineyard, but your own.

